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FOURPENCE

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

OCT. 20TH, 1941

NAZI PRISONERS, captured by Soviet forces, on their way to a field prison camp under an escort of Red soldiers. Since the war began last June, the German losses on the Russian Front (said Mr. Alexander Shcherbakov, Director of the Soviet Foreign Bureau in Moscow, on October 5) exceed 3,000,000 killed, wounded, missing, and taken prisoner. The Russian losses are given as 1,128,000.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

NEED THE NAZIS WORRY ABOUT OIL?

WHAT a fine thing it would be if Hitler's war machine should be slowed up, perhaps brought to a full stop, not by hard and bloody fighting but because it was running short of oil ! From time to time this delightful suggestion is trotted out and paraded before our wishful eyes, and unless we are very careful we shall find ourselves once again treating as a fact what is at best but an interesting speculation.

A few weeks after the invasion of Russia was begun a group of Oxford statisticians estimated that Germany, assuming that she was employing on the Russian front 180 divisions, had an oil consumption of at least a million and a half tons a month, which meant that she must be drawing on her reserve stocks to the tune of a million tons a month. Her reserves were placed at between six and seven million tons, but it was unlikely that she would hazard more than four million tons on her Eastern offensive. Thus, it was argued, she might maintain her large-scale attack for about four months.

By the end of October, then, we ought to be seeing a diminution in the tempo of the Russian battle, not because of General Winter's arrival to aid the Russians, but because Admiral Oil has failed the Nazis . . .

Shortly after this distinctly hopeful estimate was published, there came from the Petroleum Press Service an authoritative analysis which gave a far different picture of the oil situation.

It was assumed that Germany was employing against Russia some 15 armoured divisions, 20 motorized infantry divisions, and 150 ordinary infantry divisions. The number of tanks included in this force was estimated at 6,300, and in addition there would be 72,500 motor vehicles of various kinds, and 3,750 motor-cycle combinations. The fuel consumed by these vehicles was estimated at 1,020,000 gallons per day, equivalent to 104,000 tons a month. In addition it was estimated that 72,500 lorries might be used on the lines of communication, representing an oil consumption of some 74,000 tons a month.

Then as regards the Luftwaffe, it was assumed that Germany might have in the air on the average for three hours a day 1,000 bombers and 1,000 fighters ; their total fuel consumption would be 2,000 tons daily, or 60,000 tons a month —70,000 tons when allowance is made for ground staff and supply service requirements. Another 12,500 tons a month was included in respect of lubricants, making a total of over 260,000 tons.

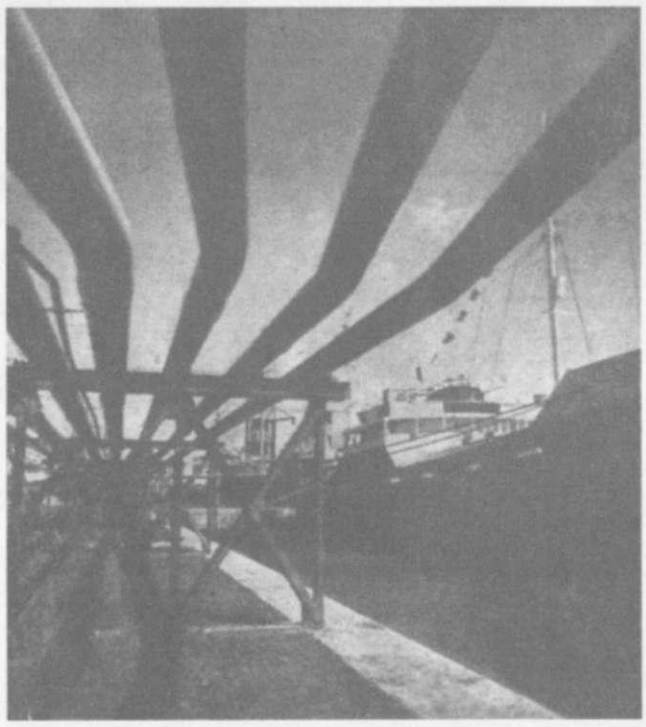
Still this is not all, since there must be added the consumption of the German naval forces in the Baltic and the Black Sea, and that of the Finnish, Hungarian and Rumanian armies. Altogether, it was estimated, Germany's oil expenditure in the Russian campaign might average well over 300,000 tons a month—an approximation which, it was pointed out, seemed likely to err on the low side. The discrepancy between this estimate and that first quoted is obvious.

Now, when the war on the Eastern Front is over three months old, the Petroleum Press Service has prepared another analysis of the oil situation. "It is popularly believed," writes its editor, Dr. Oscar Tokayer, "that the Nazis are hard pressed to find the liquid fuel and lubricants required for a prolonged struggle, and the only question is how long it will be before their war machine rolls to a standstill for lack of oil. Unfortunately, however, the hope of an early collapse due to this cause, though widely cherished, has little foundation in fact. From the dreadful happenings of the past three months one fact stands out clearly : despite fearful loss of men and material, the German drive has so far lost little momentum."

Suppose we attempt to draw up a sort of balance-sheet of Hitler's oil position. First we must include a figure for Germany's own coal-oil production. This was planned before the war to have an output of 3,500,000 tons by 1941, and by now this goal may not only have been reached but considerably exceeded. Certainly it seems safe to assume that the Germans are now producing from coal and lignite well over 3,000,000 tons of oil a year—sufficient perhaps to maintain the Luftwaffe in the air. At the same time, the production of crude petroleum, in Germany, Austria, Western Poland, Slovakia, and Alsace, may now approach 1,250,000 tons a year, while another half a million tons at least may be contributed by Hungary and Albania. Then the Rumanian oilfields may be expected to be now producing at the rate of 5,500,000 tons per annum, and this notwithstanding the Soviet raids on Ploesti—raids which have not been long sustained, although quantities of oil, no doubt, have been destroyed by the Russian bombers at Constantza and on the tanker routes.

While their production has been stimulated to the utmost, the Germans have made every effort to cut down oil consumption. Traffic has been diverted from the roads to the railways and waterways ; alternative motor fuels, such as liquefied gases, town gas, wood and charcoal, are being largely utilized ; while civilian consumption has been reduced to the barest minimum. Before the war German Europe was consuming over 21,000,000 tons of oil a year, but it is believed that in most European countries the actual consumption is now no more than 25 to 30 per cent of its peacetime level : hence Europe's civilian consumption of petroleum products may be now little more than 6,000,000 tons.

On the basis of these figures, it may be calculated that the total quantity of petroleum products at the Germans' disposal, for civilian and military use, exclusive of stocks, can hardly be less than 12,000,000 tons annually. This, then, represents the total on the credit side of the balance sheet. Against it we must set the debits, of which the chief are the German oil consumption on the Eastern Front estimated (as we have seen) at 300,000 tons a month or between 3,500,000 and 4,000,000 tons a year, and the civilian consumption of 6,000,000 tons, making 10 million tons in all. This leaves an annual balance of 2,000,000 tons, which is all that is available to cover all the other military needs in German Europe, e.g. the oil consumed by the armies of Italy, Rumania, Hungary, Finland, and Bulgaria, as well as to cover the losses due to aerial attack on the Rumanian oil wells and Germany's oil-production plants, not to mention destroyed tankers. This figure, concludes the Petroleum Press Service analysis, may seem so low that certain withdrawals from stocks can hardly be avoided ; but in view of the magnitude of these stocks, their depletion is unlikely to assume dangerous proportions. Moreover, with the approach of winter, military operations on the Eastern Front will probably be held up in any case, and the supply position of Germany may well show an improvement as production is whipped up and substitute fuels are employed to an ever larger extent.



OIL FOR HITLER. Constantza, seaport of Rumania on the Black Sea, is the main outlet for the petroleum of the Rumanian oilfields, and here oil tankers are seen being filled from the pipes which run alongside the wharves. It has been bombed by the Soviet Air Force.

"There seems, therefore, to be nothing to support the popular misconception that an oil problem is of itself likely to lead to an early collapse of the Third Reich. If oil is to become Germany's Achilles' Heel, there must be methodical, persistent and overwhelming air attack from the West and the East, resulting in the large-scale destruction of enemy-controlled refineries, coal-oil plants, storage installations, and distributing centres, wherever these may be found."

All of which gives point to Lt.-Commander Fletcher's advice concerning what people should do this winter. "If anyone says Germany is short of oil," Mr. A. V. Alexander's Parliamentary Private Secretary said the other day, "the appropriate reply is 'Oh yeah !'"

E. Royston Pike

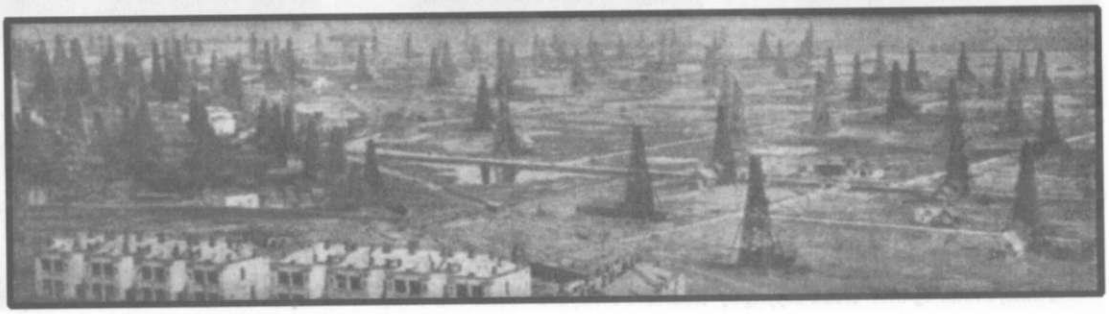
From Berlin to Baku: Hitler's Thrust for Oil

Analysis of World Production of Crude Petroleum (1938)

	Million Tons Annually	%
NORTH & CEN. AMERICA		
U.S.A. 164 Millns		
Mexico 5½ „		
Trinidad 2½ „		
Canada 1 „	173,166	63·6
SOUTH AMERICA		
Venezuela 28 Millns		
Colombia 3 „		
Others 5 „	35,927	13·3
RUSSIA		
Caucasus, Caspian, & Ural Mts Oilfields.	28,859	10·6
ASIA (not Russia)		
Iran & Iraq 14½ Millns		
Dutch E. Indies 7½ „		
Others 4 „	25,864	9·5
GERMANY, and German Occupied Territories.	7,999	2·9
AFRICA	229	0·1
WORLD TOTAL	272,044	100

Germany's oil situation is a matter of perpetual controversy, but here in this picture diagram we have illustrated some at least of the most important facts. Right, oil derricks at Baku, chief centre of the oilfields in the Caucasus whence Russia derives 90 per cent of her oil supplies.

Diagram specially drawn for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *by Haworth; Photo, Planet News*



There's No 'Weaker Sex' When Russia Calls!

In their hundreds of thousands the women of the Soviet Union have rallied to the defence of their country and have set a fine example to the women of every land. On the right a group of Russian women in a Soviet munitions factory are being shown how to fill machine-gun belts. In factories, in hospitals, on ships, and even on the field of battle, the women of the Soviet Union are throwing their whole weight into their country's effort to destroy the Nazi invaders.

The grim, determined faces of the women collective farmers who have joined the guerillas (left) bodes no good to any Nazi bands which may come their way. Below, girl students of the Leningrad Textile Institute volunteering for service in hospitals.

A SOVIET WOMAN (left) soldier in gloomy mood after being captured by the Nazis. Many of these Soviet women are fighting side by side with their male comrades. Right, a Soviet girl working as a "seaman" aboard a motor ship on the White Sea.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Associated Press, and "Soviet War News"

Soviet War Posters Show the Will to Win

"THE brightest feature of the streets of Moscow," said Mr. Vernon Bartlett recently in a broadcast from that city, "is the display of war posters. The pictorial method of bringing the issues of the war home to the people is probably the most effective and certainly the most attractive . . . There are pictorial reminders of the way in which the men at the front depend upon the men and women in the factories. There is plenty of advice about the treatment of incendiary bombs (see page 149), and many of the posters deal with the defence of the Soviet Union."

Three of the Soviet War posters are reproduced in this page. The one on the right is being sent to British factories with the admonitory caption in English: "But Russia needs the tools NOW!" Below is an exhortation to Russian guerillas, which reads: 1, Stir up guerilla warfare in the Fascists' rear. Destroy (2) communications, (3) bridges, roads, (4) combustibles, warehouses, (5) enemy bands.

Below right, a British and Russian pilot lean out of their machines to shake hands over Berlin, on which they drop a salvo of bombs. It is headed "Meeting Over Berlin" and the text beneath reads: "Over an enemy town Comrades had an appointment. This handshake bodes no good for Germany."

Filling the Gaps in Britain's Labour Front

How to make the best use of the man and woman power of the country? That is not the least of the many pressing problems that confront the Government at the moment, and it has been made all the more urgent by Hitler's conquest of so many of the centres of Russian war production. If we are to give effective aid to Russia we must mobilize our own labour power to the utmost.

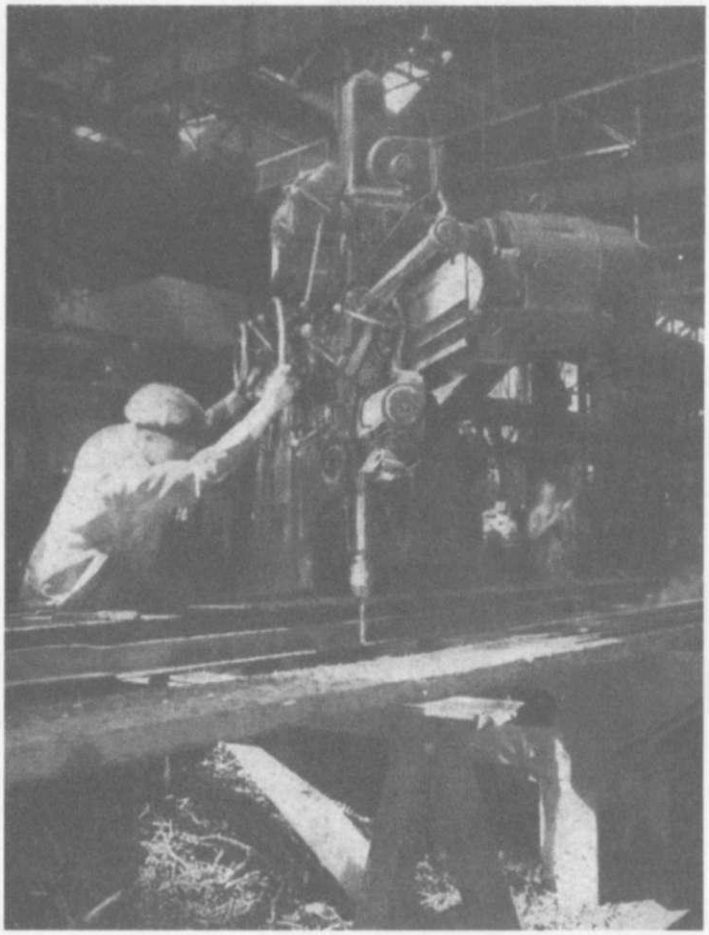
ALTHOUGH there is no question of increasing the numbers of the Army, said Mr. Churchill in his review of the war in the House of Commons on September 30, it is indispensable that the normal wastage—considerable even when troops are not in contact with the enemy—should be made good and that the ranks should be kept filled; moreover, since our Army must be highly mechanized and armoured, a steady flow of skilled tradesmen and technicians will be required in order to use the weapons which the factories are now producing in rapidly increasing numbers. How and where are these men to be obtained?

In large measure the strength of the Army will be maintained through the normal influx of young men reaching military age; many more recruits will be released following the constant combing of the reserved occupations. There are still many thousands of young men in civilian industry who have not been called up. Some in the earlier age groups have expressed a preference for service in one of the specialized corps or the Navy, which at the moment have as many men as they require. Others have been exempted on grounds of hardship, domestic or business; and yet others are key-men in the employ of firms engaged on Government work. Then there are many older men who are in reserved occupations, but their number is steadily lessening as the reservation age is raised and there are changes in the Schedule.

So far as the skilled men are concerned, it is obvious that they must be secured from industry. The Beveridge Committee, set up by the Ministry of Labour and National Service under the chairmanship of Sir William Beveridge to conduct a continuous man-power survey, has reported that, in the interests of the efficiency of the armed forces, there must be a further substantial calling-up of skilled men from the engineering and allied trades; otherwise, "the machines on which the lives of fighting men and the safety of the country depend, may have to be entrusted to hands insufficiently skilled, under inadequate supervision."

Arising out of this proposal, a somewhat heated controversy developed between Mr. Bevin, Minister of Labour, and Sir Walter Citrine, General Secretary of the Trades Union Congress, and, as such, spokesman of skilled labour. Sir Walter Citrine is of the opinion that war industry cannot afford a further loss of man-power, since our Army and Air Force are not yet properly equipped, and we have also to plan and work for the re-equipment of Russia. To which Mr. Bevin made reply, in his usual downright fashion. Asking if he was entitled to send a man up in a bomber without providing a journeyman to test the bomber and see if it was safe, he went on: "No, Citrine, nobody can tell me that I shall not call on skilled men. I mean to have sufficient of them for all the Services. It shall not be on my conscience that I risked a single airman's life." This outburst was met by Sir Walter Citrine with the comment that "all were suffering from some degree of war strain . . ."

As these skilled men are withdrawn from the munitions works, those skilled men who are left must be spread thinner, labour must be diluted by the addition of unskilled or only partially-trained recruits, and women must be employed to an ever-increasing extent.



MAN AND MACHINE in the drive for victory, as a heavy mechanical drill is guided through the thick armour-plating to be used in refitting a battleship, at a Royal Naval dockyard.
Photo, Keystone

In an oft-quoted line, Charles Kingsley once wrote that "Men must work and women must weep." He would not have written that today. Women nowadays have no time for weeping; they too are working, not only in shops and offices and light industry, but at the engineer's bench and in the heavy trades—not to mention the hundreds of thousands who have joined the Services, releasing men for the fighting line. There is no question of their eagerness to learn, of their suitability and capacity; nor of their bravery. The women of today have shown that what the men can stand, outside the heaviest manual labour, they can stand too.

This being so, it is all the more surprising to learn that in some districts the number of women employed is still only a small percentage of the whole. Thus in Lancashire, where women in industry are no new thing, one engineering firm employs only five women in over a thousand employees; another, also employing over a thousand hands, has only eight per cent of women; and though some firms employ up to 30 per cent of women, the average in this type of engineering industry is only up to 10 per cent. In the new light engineering factories, on the other hand, the percentage of women employed is up to 80 per cent. These figures were given by Mr. H. N. Grundy, North-West Regional Controller of the Ministry of Labour, on September 23.

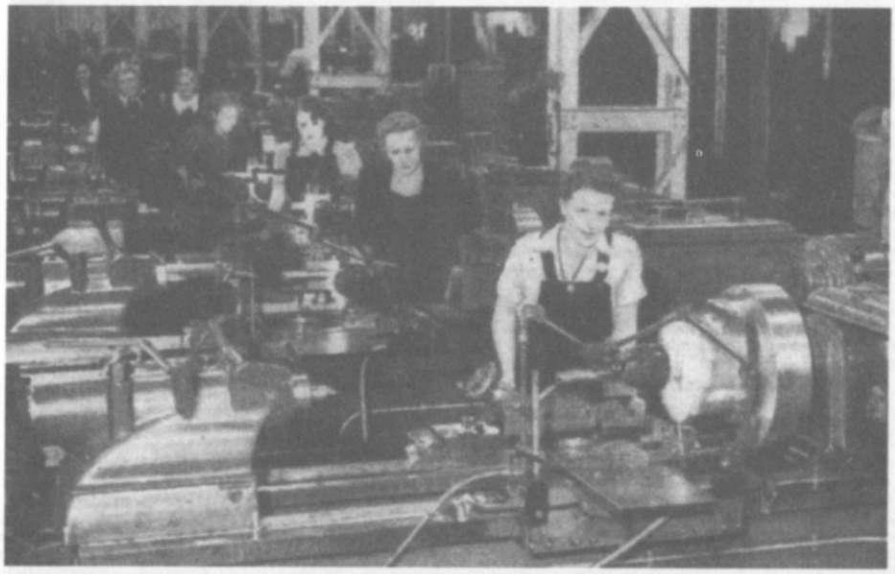
Another interesting, but far from satisfactory, fact revealed by Mr. Grundy was that the Government training centres are getting far fewer women recruits than they can take. In his region from 400 to 500 women a week are wanted to fill the vacancies, not to mention a large number of women required for training as light lorry drivers and motor mechanics. Yet of the between 8,000 and 9,000 places available in the training centres, only 20 per cent are taken by women, when the percentage aimed at is 65 per cent.

So many are the openings for female labour that last April women of 20 and 21 were required to register for industrial service. Other age groups have since been included up to 27, and all women, married and single, are required to register. On Oct. 2 Mr. Bevin disclosed that 1,823,176 women had registered, and approximately 520,000 had been interviewed up to Sept. 20.

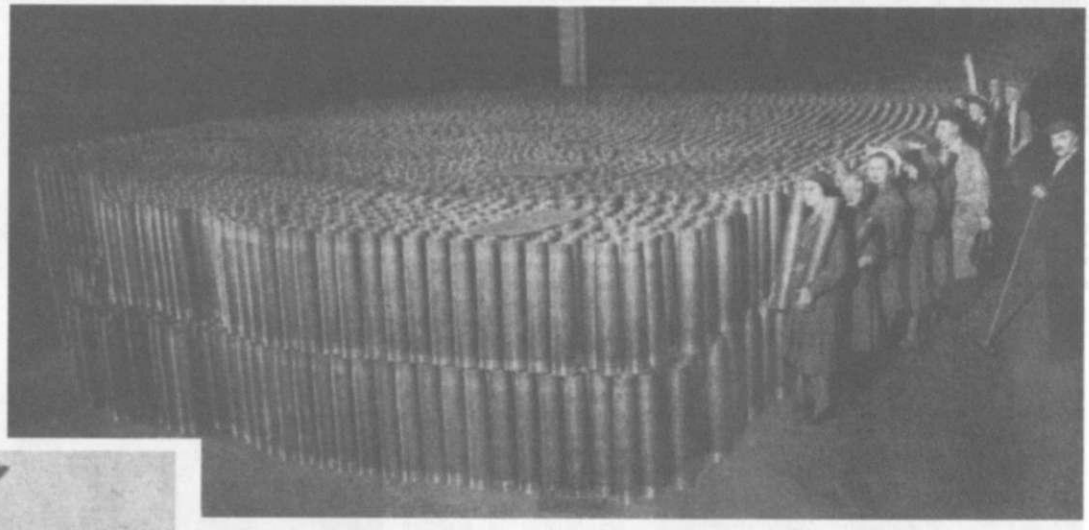
In September it was announced that Mr. Bevin had decided to withdraw from retail trades other than food all female shop assistants between the ages of 20 and 25 inclusive. Another field of female labour which is being combed for recruits is that of domestic servants, the onus of proving the indispensability of a maid, etc., being placed on the employer.

But while these efforts are being made to obtain further recruits for industry, there are constant complaints that the man and woman power at present engaged is not employed to the best advantage. A report issued by the Select Committee on National Expenditure makes it clear that the M.P.s who investigated the question of labour-power in our munition factories discovered that there was a considerable amount of idle labour, whether because of the slow delivery of materials, breakdowns in plant, or changes over in production types. Such temporary dislocations are largely inevitable; but there can be no doubt, too, that much labour is being wasted or misapplied because of managerial muddle. There are still few firms in the country which have been geared up to their maximum capacity; yet there are few factories, too, which do not complain of a labour shortage.

Women's Work from Bench to Battery



The great part women are playing in the production of armaments to win the war is exemplified in this photograph taken at a Government Ordnance Factory. Here women from all walks of life are turning breech components for two-pounder guns.



Top right, Evelyn Duncan, who recently set up a world's record by turning out 6,130 A.A. shell components in six days, busy at her capstan lathe. Right, a British barrage in the making: thousands upon thousands of 3·7-in. anti-aircraft shell cartridges stacked in a British munitions factory.

Photos, British Official: G.P.U.

Girls from British munitions factories were invited to Salisbury Plain to see some of the shells they make fired on the ranges. Above, one of them sights a gun. Right, Mrs. Wainwright pops one in the breech. *Photos, L.N.A. and Fox*

Our Searchlight on the War

ALEXANDRIA'S MINE SPOTTERS

CIVILIAN volunteers, cooperating with the Navy, patrol Alexandria's large harbour watching for the dropping of mines by the enemy. Every night at sunset a flotilla of strange craft—sponge-fishing caiques, Egyptian feluccas and privately owned yachts—sail for a thirteen-hour vigil at their appointed stations. The volunteers are made up of British, Americans, Swiss, Greeks and other nationalities, of all walks of life, and the secretary of this "spotting" patrol is Mrs. Valerie Goodchild, who is secretary of the British Boat Club. The spotters' duties are to take a bearing and mark with sinkers any mine seen to fall in their area. These mines are usually released from Nazi planes by means of green silk parachutes, 20 feet in diameter. All reports are submitted in writing and the Navy then proceeds to destroy the located mines.

R.A.F. IN RUSSIA

WHEN the C.O. of a North of England station received a message a few weeks ago stating that a new wing was to be formed there to proceed overseas at short notice, it marked the birth of a wing which has gone to Russia and has already shot down many Nazi planes. The first of the new wing to arrive was a squadron-leader, an original member of the City of Glasgow auxiliary squadron. There came a string of others—some from famous squadrons, some from operational training units or depots. None knew where they were going. One August morning Wing-Commander H. N. G. Ramsbottom-Isherwood (see p. 178), 36-year-old leader of the wing, gave orders to entrain and the journey to Russia began, though none of the rank and file and few of the officers knew their final destination. Besides the leader from New Zealand there are English, Scottish, Irish, Canadian and Australian pilots in the wing. The entire personnel arrived safely in Russia.

KING GEORGE OF GREECE HONOURED

THE Greek Government, meeting at their hotel in Mayfair, have recently decided to confer upon King George of the Hellenes the Greek Military Cross. This medal is the equivalent of the British V.C. and is awarded only in wartime for conspicuous bravery in the field. It is to be given to King George for his part in the Greek campaign and particularly the operations in Crete.

KING GEORGE OF GREECE, who arrived in London on Sept. 22, inspecting a guard of honour of Grenadier Guards. With him is our King George. *Photo, Fox*

SCIENCE AND THE NEW WORLD

WORLD scientists met at the Royal Institution, London, on September 26, to discuss plans for using scientific knowledge in the best manner, not only in the winning of the war, but in the construction of a new framework of civilization. The conference lasted for three days, and the President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Sir Richard Gregory, read a Charter of Scientific Principles, in which it was declared that any policy or power which deprived men or nations of their free practice convicted itself as an agent of an iniquity against the human race. Among the speakers was Mr. H. G. Wells, who gave a warning that man might become extinct unless he adapted himself to changing circumstances.

MEDICAL SUPPLIES FOR RUSSIA

THE British Red Cross are sending to Russia at once huge quantities of medical supplies, including thirty blood transfusion sets, 53 emergency operating outfits, a ton of cotton wool, 60 miles of gauze, a thousand pneumonia jackets, 50,000 assorted bandages, 100 cases of surgical dressings, a million tablets of the "M. & B. 693" drug, two tons each of chloroform and ether, and diphtheria and tetanus anti-toxins. Comforts such as pyjamas, scarves, balaclava helmets, blankets and sheets are also being sent. Part of the first consignment of 150 tons was inspected by Mr. Maisky, the Soviet Ambassador, on October 2. The British Red Cross and St. John War Organization has allocated £250,000 for medical supplies to be sent to Russia.

L.C.C. FARMS

THE London County Council is running Britain's largest municipal farming enterprise. Since September 1939 its acreage of cultivated land has been greatly increased, and recent additions bring the total to about 4,800 acres, while further expansion is anticipated. L.C.C. farms supply 98 hospitals and institutions with dairy produce and fresh vegetables; on the farms 1,500 cattle are maintained, including several notable herds of the Ayrshire breed, and 3,000 pigs are kept. At the Coulsdon area farm, hospital patients are helping to preserve grass as silage, of which nearly 1,200 tons will be made by the Council this year. Royal gardens and parklands are also to grow more food next year.

MR. CHURCHILL is here photographed for the first time in the uniform of an Air Commodore. This was during a visit to No. 615 Fighter Squadron, of which he has been Honorary Air Commodore since 1939. With him is the Squadron C.O. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

PREMIER VISITS No. 615 SQUADRON

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL in his capacity of Honorary Air Commodore of No. 615 (County of Surrey) Squadron, recently paid a visit to his station, when the photograph in this page was taken. The Prime Minister and Mrs. Churchill took tea in the officers' mess. The Squadron was formed in June 1937 at Kenley, as an Army Cooperation Squadron, and converted into a Fighter Squadron in 1938. Early in 1939 Mr. Churchill was made honorary Air Commodore of the Squadron, which served in France and Belgium. Later it played a great part in the Battle of Britain, and its personnel have gained many awards.

PALACE RAILINGS FOR WEAPONS

THE King has approved the removal from Buckingham Palace of certain sections of railings and gates. These will be converted into scrap for the manufacture of war weapons. About 20 tons of metal was removed on October 3, derived from sections of the inner railings behind the main railings fronting the roadway in Buckingham Palace Road. It is estimated that the Ministry of Works will get some 500,000 tons of scrap iron from the collection of unnecessary iron gates and railings listed by local authorities throughout the country.

LONDON STONE from bombed buildings of historic interest is being made into domestic articles, like the book-end above, and exported to America. Each piece bears this medallion.

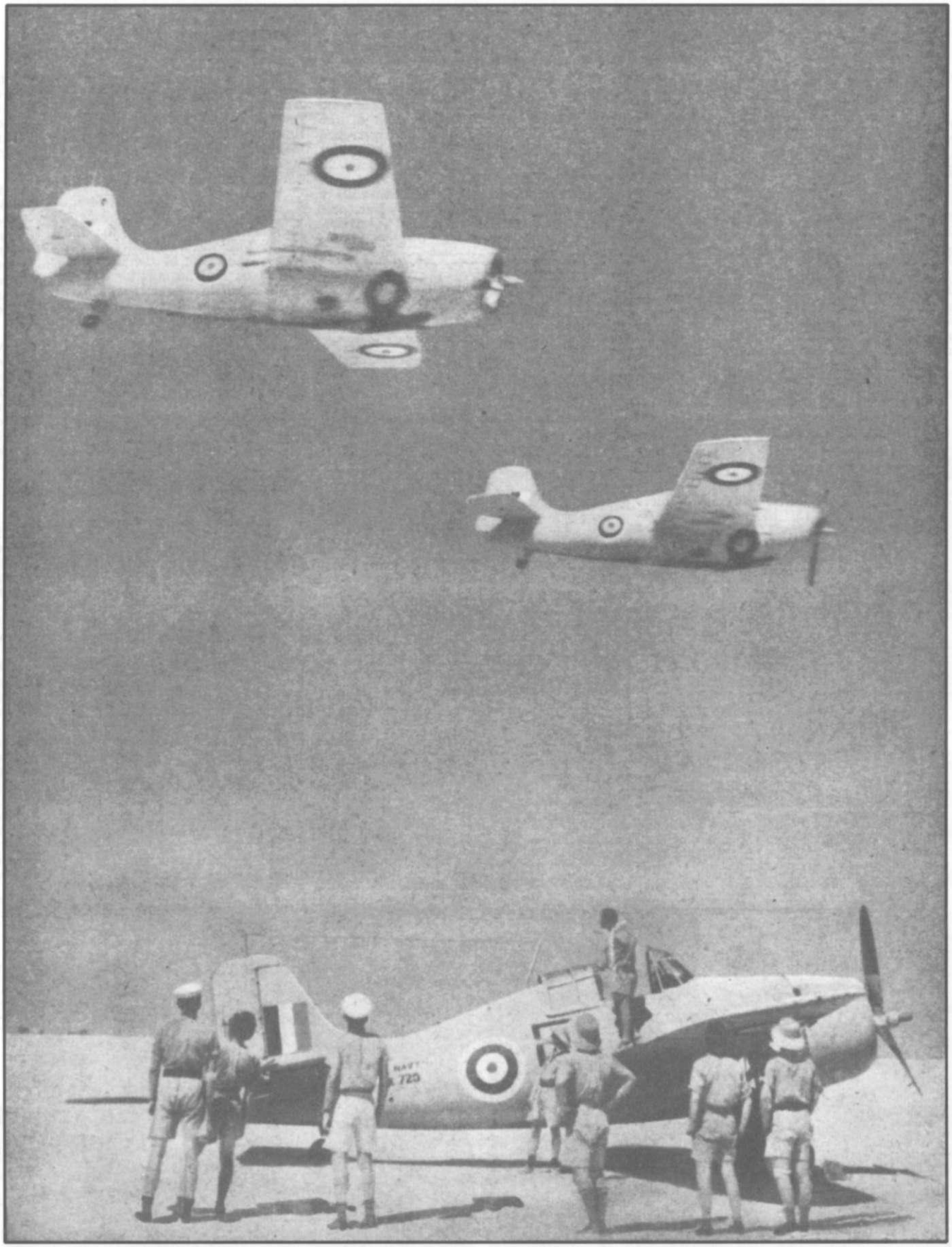
DOLLARS FROM RUINS

ARTICLES such as table-lamps, book-ends, bird baths, ashtrays, etc., are being made from the blasted stonework of important London buildings and exported to America. Every article has been originally designed by fellows and members of the Royal Society of British Sculptors, and the sculpture is done by stonemasons at the works of London Stonecraft. Stone from historical buildings destroyed by German bombs forms the base or characteristic feature of each "London Fragment," and each piece is personally scrutinized by the artist responsible for the original design before it is passed for sale. Part of the profits from these goods, which are being sold in the American market to help the dollar exchange, will go to the Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund. With each article a presentation volume is given containing pictures of London life during the air raids.

CANADA'S AIR CADETS

CANADIAN boys are rolling up in their thousands to join the Air Cadet League, which was organized during the summer on a Dominion-wide basis. Boys between the ages of 15 and 18 are admitted to the League for preliminary training in aviation, which includes aero-engines, aircraft recognition, airframes, airmanship, armament, map-reading, mathematics, signals and the theory of flight. In every province, from British Columbia to Quebec, air cadet units have rapidly been formed and the boys show a keenness which rivals that of the Air Training Corps in this country. The League has its own magazine, "Canadian Air Cadet," the editor of which is Bruce Keith, formerly of the "Toronto Star." R.C.A.F. officers have been lent to the League.

Above the Desert Fly the Navy's Fighters



GRUMMAN MARTLETS, belonging to a Royal Naval Fighter Squadron operating in the Western Desert, are seen taking off from a desert aerodrome. This squadron works in close cooperation with the R.A.F. The Grumman Martlet, known in the U.S.A. as the Grumman G-36, is an American-built single-seat fighter now in use with the Fleet Air Arm. A mid-wing cantilever monoplane, of all-metal structure, it has a length of 28 feet 10 ins. and a span of 38 feet. It has a speed of about 330 m.p.h. at 19,500 feet, a service ceiling of 28,000 feet, and a range of 1,150 miles.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

The Moscow Conference: Full Aid for Russia

While the greatest battle in history was being fought along the whole front from Leningrad to the Black Sea, the Three-Power Conference was in session in Moscow. Something of what was said and done is described below, together with some account of the channels through which British and American aid may be conveyed to Russia.

"TIME is precious," said Mr. Molotov, in his opening speech as Chairman of the Three-Power Conference that began its sessions in Moscow on Monday, September 29; "let us get to work." On which Lord Beaverbrook, head of the British Mission, commented: "Mr. Molotov is right. We will give a lesson to those who make war. We will do everything we can to bring the conqueror low"; while Mr. Averell Harriman, leader of the American delegation, after pointing out that President Roosevelt's dispatch of the American Mission was an historic departure since the United States was still a non-belligerent, added, "But we come with your ally, Britain, with the same object—to give you every assistance against the violent, uncalled-for attack upon you by Hitler and his cohorts. Your success means everything to the people of America. I am instructed to pledge you the very fullest possible support."

It was following the Roosevelt-Churchill meeting in the Atlantic that the announcement was made that Britain and America had suggested to Stalin that a Three-Power Conference on the vital question of arms supply to Russia should be held in Moscow. That was on August 15; the next day Stalin gratefully accepted the offer.

Before the Conference Began

A month elapsed before the composition of the American and British Missions was announced. Then on September 15—the day on which Mr. Averell Harriman, Mr. Roosevelt's Lease-and-Lend expert, arrived in London by air—the names were released, Mr. Harriman being leader of the American delegation, and Lord Beaverbrook of the British. Three days later Moscow announced that the Russian delegation would be headed by Mr. Molotov, Foreign Commissar, and would include Marshal Voroshilov and Admiral Kuznetzov, Commander-in-Chief of the Soviet Navy. There were many criticisms of the delay in the dispatch of the missions, but the interval had been well spent.

"The British and United States missions are now in conference with the chiefs of the Soviet at Moscow," Mr. Churchill told the House of Commons on September 30. "The interval which has passed since President Roosevelt and I sent our message from the Atlantic to Premier Stalin has been used in ceaseless activity on both sides of the ocean. The whole ground has been surveyed in the light of new events, and many important supplies have already been dispatched. Our representatives and their American colleagues have gone to Moscow with a clear and full knowledge of what we are able to give Russia month by month from now onwards."

DISTANCES TO MOSCOW

Statute Miles Approx.

From London	
via Murmansk or Archangel	3,500
via Persian Gulf (Cape route)	15,100
From New York	
via Murmansk or Archangel	5,800
via Persian Gulf (Cape route)	15,300
via Vladivostok (Panama route)	16,400
From San Francisco	
via Vladivostok	12,200
via Persian Gulf	16,200

After the formal opening on September 29 the Conference at once appointed six committees—army, navy, air, transport, raw material, and medical supplies—and instructed them to work day and night so as to have a full report on Russia's war needs ready by the following Friday. Though their task was huge and difficult, they worked with such zest and urgency that their reports were ready well before time.

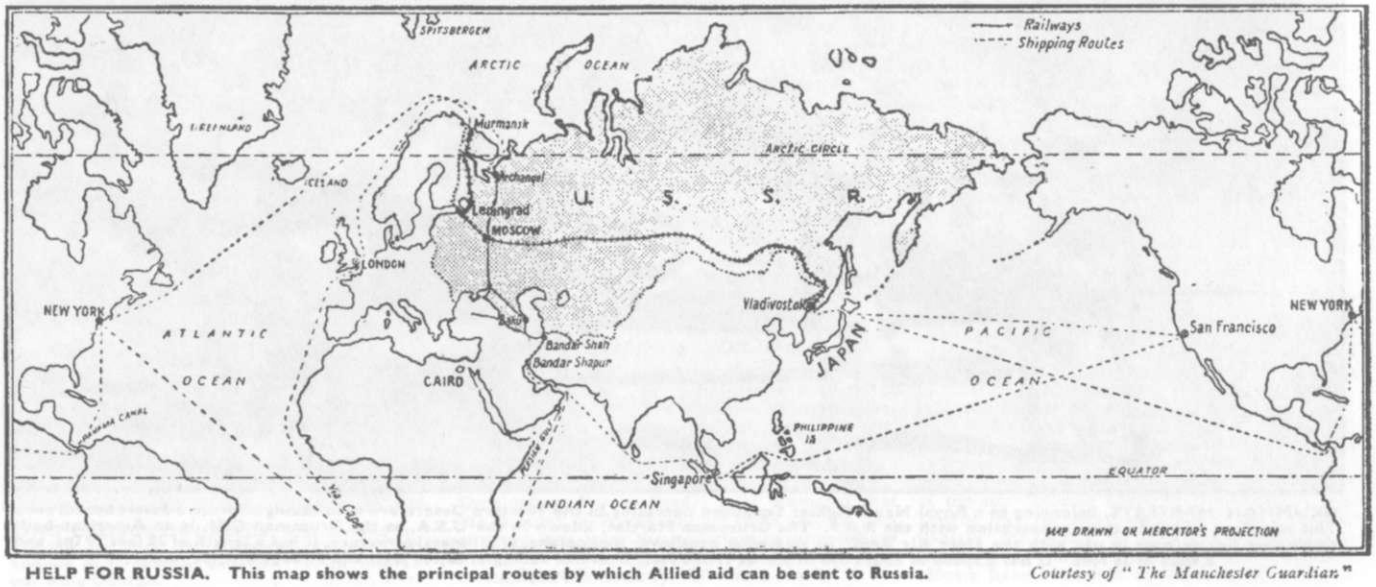
It was on Wednesday night, October 1, that the reports were presented to the Conference. In an accompanying statement Lord Beaverbrook and Mr. Harriman announced that an agreement had been reached to place at Russia's disposal virtually every requirement for which the Soviet military and civil authorities had asked. Russia in turn had agreed to supply to Britain and the United States large quantities of urgently required raw materials. Transport facilities had also been fully examined, and plans made to increase the volume of traffic in all directions. "In concluding this session the Conference adheres to the resolution of the three Governments, that after a final annihilation of Nazi tyranny, peace will be established which will enable the world to live in the security of its own territory, in conditions free from fear or need." Stalin had expressed his thanks to Britain and America for "the bountiful supplies of raw materials, machine tools, and munitions" which had been promised and which would enable the Soviet forces forthwith "to strengthen their relentless defence and develop vigorous attacks."

What had been promised Stalin, said Mr. Churchill in his speech of September 30, represented sacrifices of the most serious kind; and the most extreme efforts would have to be made by the British people, and enormous new installations or conversions of their existing plants would have to be set up in the United States, with all the labour, expense and disturbance of normal life which these entailed.

Not only tanks, "the tanks for which we have waited so long," were being sent, but precious aircraft and aluminium, rubber, copper, oil, and many other materials vital to modern war. It was not only the making and giving of these commodities, but their transport and reception which had to be organized. "It may be that transportation rather than our willingness or ability to give will prove in the end the limiting factor."

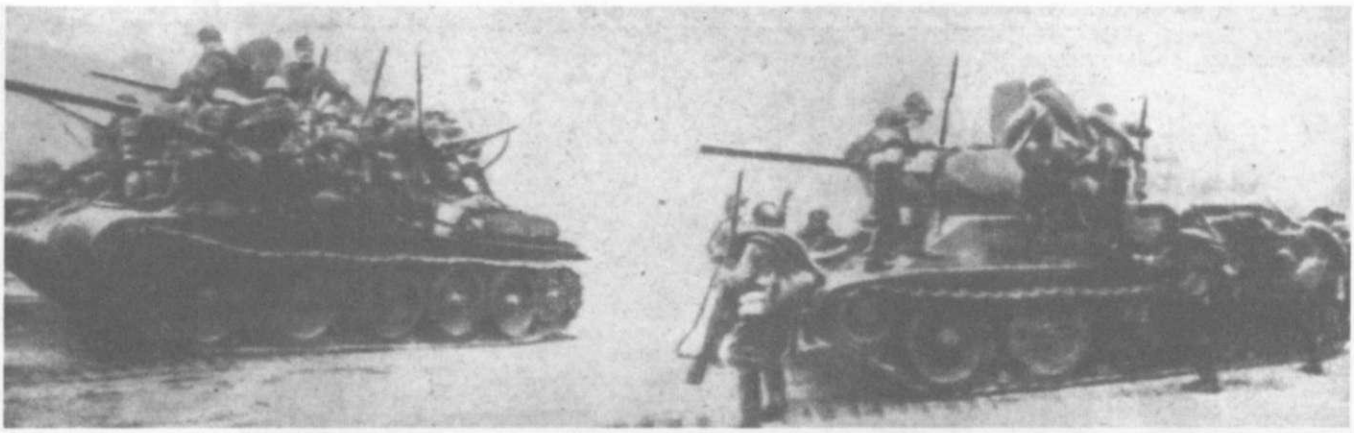
Main Routes into Russia

There are three main routes from the Allies into Russia, namely, through Vladivostok, the Persian Gulf, and Archangel; until recently there was a fourth, that through Murmansk, but although Murmansk is still holding out, the railway between it and Leningrad has apparently been severed by the Finns. The use of Vladivostok depends on Japan's keeping out of the war; it is kept open by ice-breakers, but is nearly 6,000 miles by rail from Moscow. At Archangel, the main factor is the degree to which ice may interfere with the traffic; some reports indicate that the port can be kept open all the year round, but it is generally icebound from mid-November until the middle of May. The Persian Gulf route is the most favourable since the Allied occupation of Iran, and cargoes are now being landed there at Bandar Shapur and carried by rail or road to Baku on the Caspian for transfer to the Soviet authorities at convenient centres. It involves three trans-shipments, however, and Bandar Shapur is 2,460 miles from Moscow.



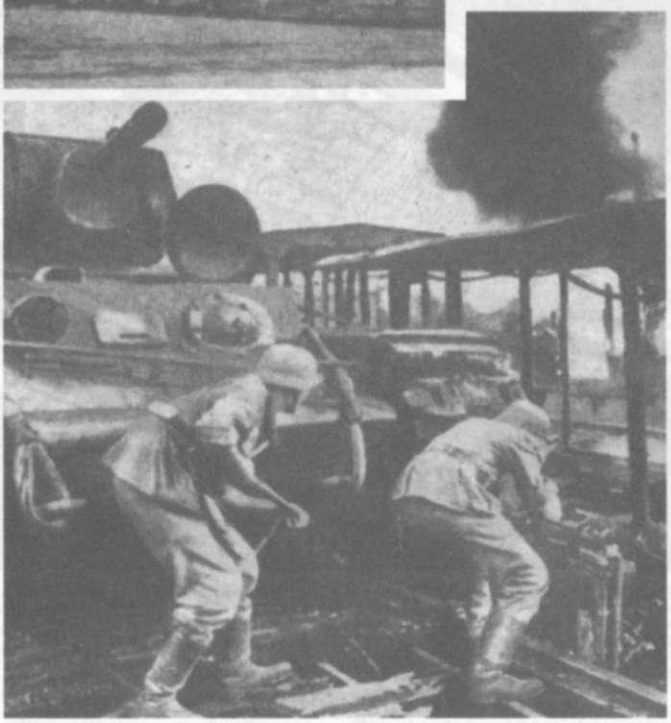
HELP FOR RUSSIA. This map shows the principal routes by which Allied aid can be sent to Russia. *Courtesy of "The Manchester Guardian"*

In the Battle Zone of the Eastern Front



When both troops and tanks were needed at a vital point on the Russian front the Soviet commander did not wait for lorries. He sent his troops up to the line mounted on the tanks, as seen above. Great initiative has been shown by Soviet officers in the field.

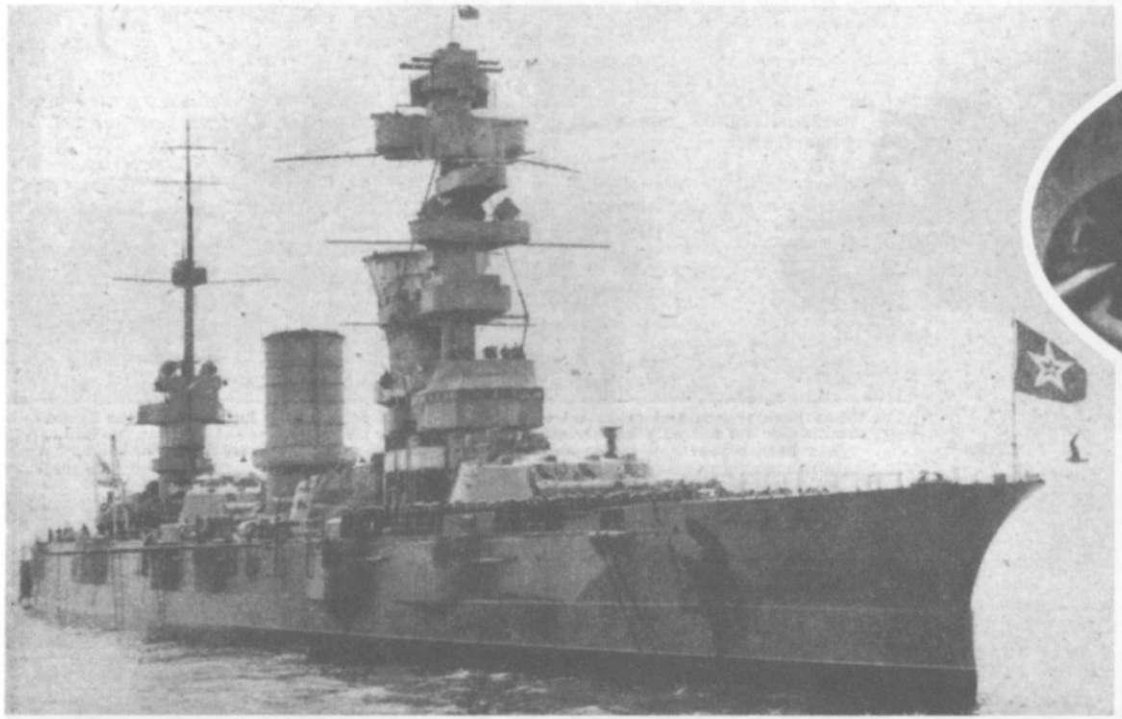
Left, a view in Poltava, the town whose loss was admitted by the Russians on September 30, and around which fierce fighting went on for some days. Above, a grenade section of the Red Army advancing under scanty cover towards a German position.

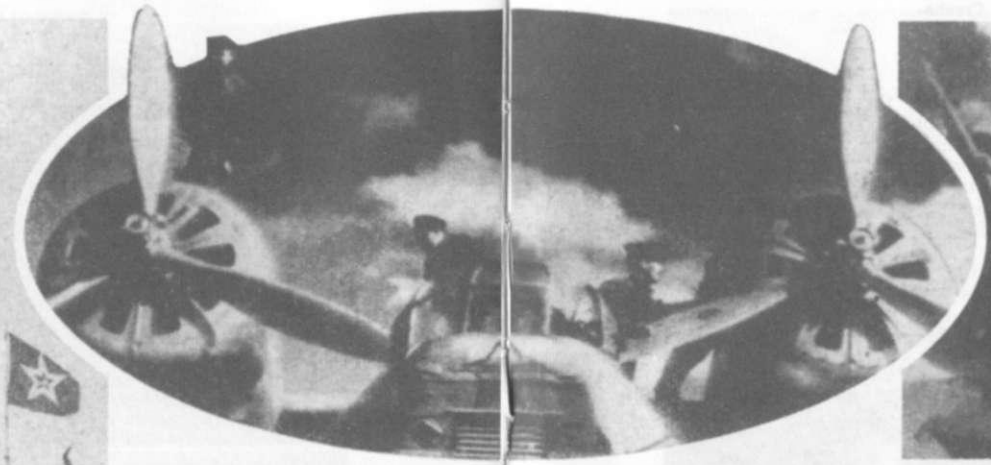


NAZIS TAKE COVER behind a tank on a railway siding before attempting to approach the burning ruins of a Russian station. Right, men and women of Leningrad building anti-tank defences on the outskirts of the city. Despite Nazi boasts that Leningrad would fall within a few days of the launching of Von Leeb's assault, the army of Voroshilov stood firm, inflicting bloody losses on the attackers and making many successful counter-attacks.

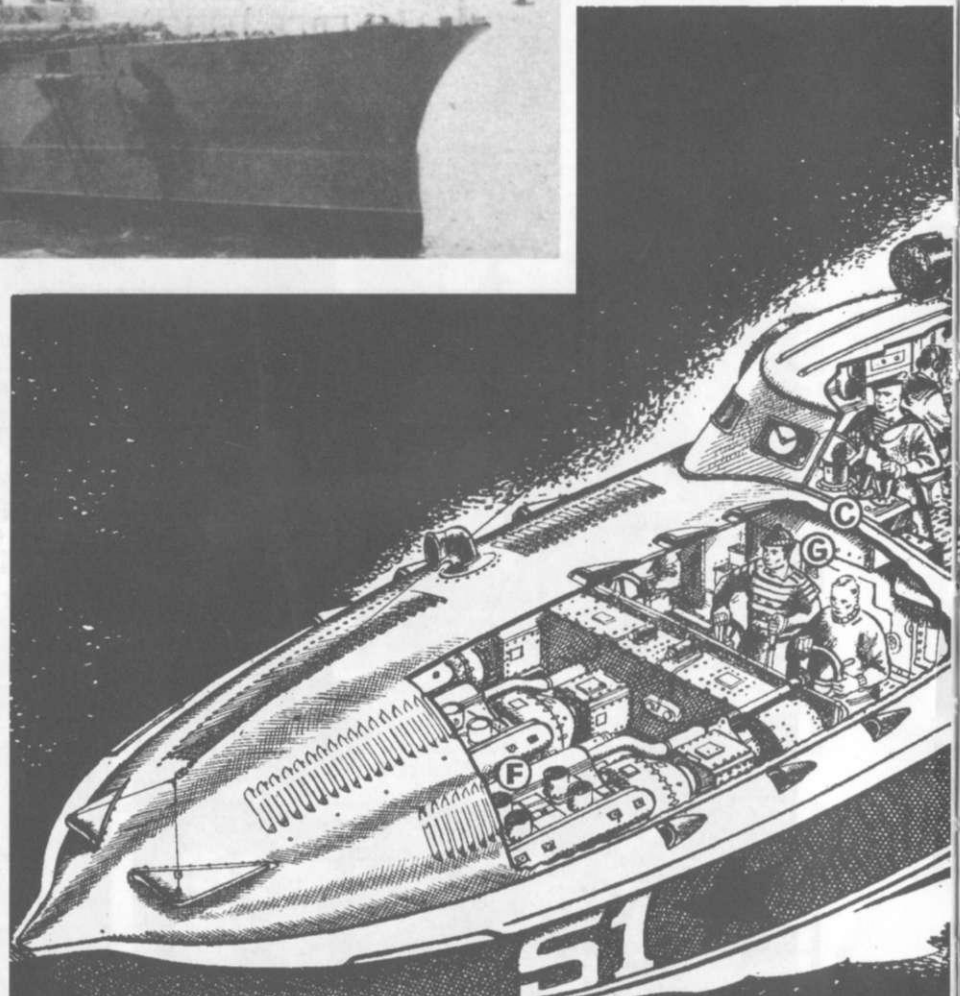
Photos, British Official; E.N.A., Sport & General, and Planet News

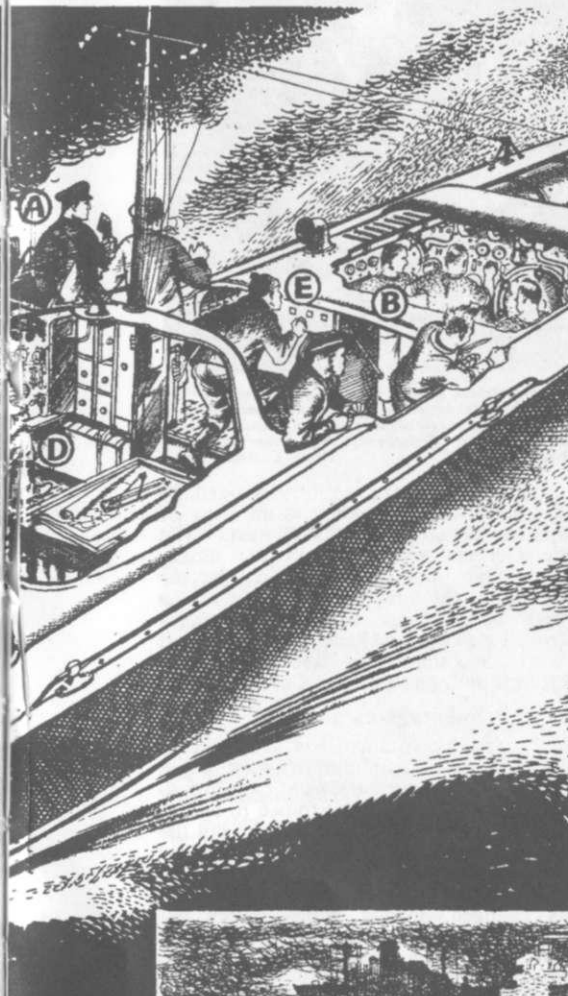
Not Only the Red Army But the Russian Navy Has Proved Its Mettle





The Soviet battleship Marat (above) has, together with the October Revolution, been beached near Avtovo, south of Leningrad where both vessels are used as fortresses in defence of the city. Oval, twin-engine flying boat of the Red Navy taking off for an operational flight.





Strange, the Czechs Don't Like Nazi 'Protection'!

Most successful of the small states that came into being at the end of the last war, Czechoslovakia, was free and independent until 1938, when its dismemberment was ordered by the "Men of Munich." Six months later the whole country was seized by the Germans, and from then until this very hour its people have been subjected to a process of brutal Nazification.

PRAGUE and the Czechs have a new master. "Higher Group Leader Heydrich," it was announced by the German authorities in Prague on September 28, "has assumed his duties in Prague Castle as Deputy Protector of Bohemia and Moravia." Right-hand man of Himmler, and one of Europe's most unsavoury scoundrels, Heydrich took the place of Baron von Neurath, who asked to be relieved of his office as Reich Protector until his health should be restored. On the same day a state of emergency was proclaimed in Prague and five other districts of the Protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia.

Heydrich's first act was to visit the puppet President, Dr. Hacha, to inform him of his appointment and require his continued loyalty to the Nazis. He also told him that on his orders the Prime Minister of the Protectorate Government, General Elias, had been arrested on a charge of plotting high treason.

Then a veritable reign of terror developed with the shooting, after the travesty of a trial before the German People's Courts, of six men who were arrested on September 29: they included two retired generals, J. Bily and H. Vojta, who were charged with "treason," a term which may include anything which the Germans regard as inimical to their rule; two were accused of wrecking, and the other two of possessing arms. They were but the first of many victims. About 100 Czech patriots faced the firing squads on September 30 and the following day or two, while many hundreds were arrested and thrown into prison and concentration camp. To save further slaughter, President Benes broadcast from London on Oct. 1 a warning to the Czechs that "the time for revolt will come, but it is not yet ripe."

GEN. ALOIS ELIAS, Premier of the puppet government of the Protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia, sentenced to death on a charge of plotting against German rule. *Photo, Planet News*

So opened a new and more terrible phase in the Nazification of the Czech country and people. Even before this last outburst it was difficult to discern any of the features which once made Czechoslovakia the continent's model democratic commonwealth. True, there is still a President, but he is a "yes-man" of the Fuehrer; there is still a Cabinet, but there is no parliament, no free assembly, no free press, no freedom of speech. The Czech universities have been suppressed; numbers of Czech schools have been closed on flimsy pretexts, while German schools have been multiplied out of all proportion to the German-speaking population. All the most important posts in the central and local governments are held by Germans, and Czech industry has been brought under German control. The great munitions works at Skoda and elsewhere are making tanks for Hitler's armies, guns to batter the Russians, bombs to be dropped on Britain. Czech electricity stations are producing power for the Reich. Tens of thousands of Czechs have been sent into Germany to labour there as Hitler's serfs; some 20,000 Czech families have been ejected from their homes to make room for Germans brought back by Hitler from the Baltic states.

GESTAPO CHIEFS meet at their Berlin Headquarters. Heydrich, second from right, Himmler's right-hand man, was on Sept. 28, 1941, appointed Deputy Protector of Bohemia and Moravia in succession to Baron Von Neurath. He immediately instituted a reign of terror and hundreds of Czechs were arrested, many of them being shot by execution squads. Others in the photograph are, left to right, Nebe, Hueber, Himmler and, extreme right, Mueller. *Photo, Central News*

Town and country alike have been plundered by the Germans. Germany has first claim to all the food resources of the Protectorate. The country has become one vast refugee settlement for German industry and individual Germans. Following the R.A.F. raids on the Rhineland and the Ruhr, many key factories and armament works were transferred to the safer, because more distant, soil of Czechoslovakia. To the same haven of refuge have fled tens of thousands of Germans, not only from the Ruhr and the Rhineland, but from the heavily-bombed ports of the north-west.

So useful, so indispensable, indeed, has the Protectorate become to Germany at war that the Germans have seen the advantage of securing the goodwill of the population. They have striven to convince the Czechs that their country has no future outside the German orbit, and that therefore they should cooperate to the utmost in the establishment of Hitler's New Order. A flood of propaganda has been unloosed, designed to convince the Czechs that in the Middle Ages Czech and German culture was the same, that Prague is one of the ancient cities of the German race. Since the Czechs have proved obdurate in their ignorance of these interesting facts, last year there was established a "Society for Cooperation with the Germans," which established a network of semi-official offices throughout the country "to give an ideological re-education to the Czechs." This society organized compulsory German classes and cultural entertainments, intended to dissuade the Czechs from "cherishing vain hopes during the long winter evenings."

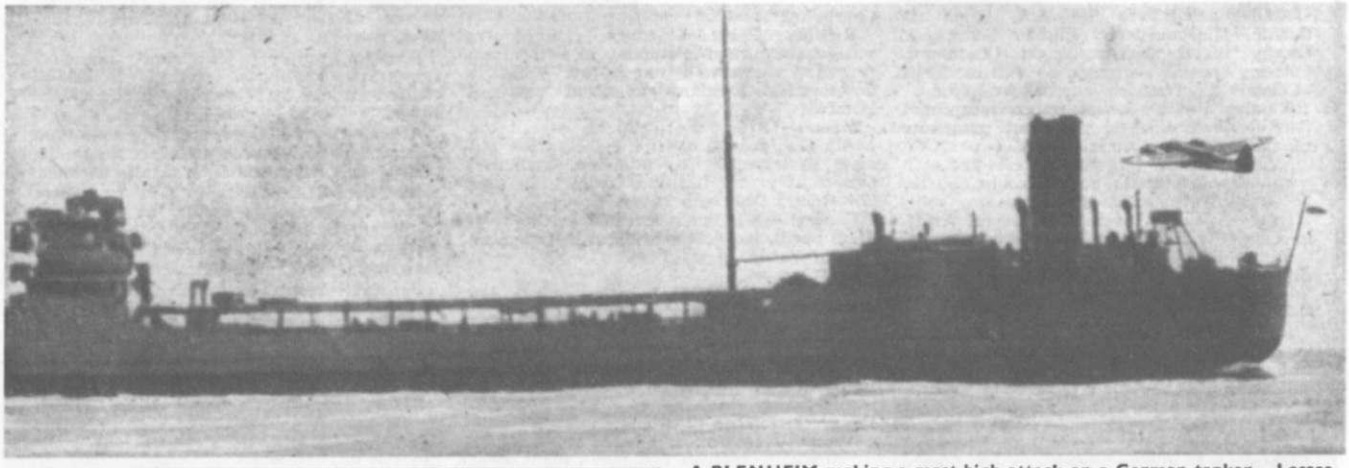
But the Czechs have resisted German blandishments, just as they have refused to be cowed by German bludgeons. Of necessity their resistance has had to be mainly passive, since not only is the country flooded by the German police, but there is an army of occupation of at least 150,000 men. The young German soldiers, even the nicest-looking, have been cold-shouldered by the Czech girls; the streets are emptied as the German bands begin to play; German-controlled newspapers have been boycotted for weeks, and the people have read in train and tram nothing but the Czech classics.

Sabotage as an Art

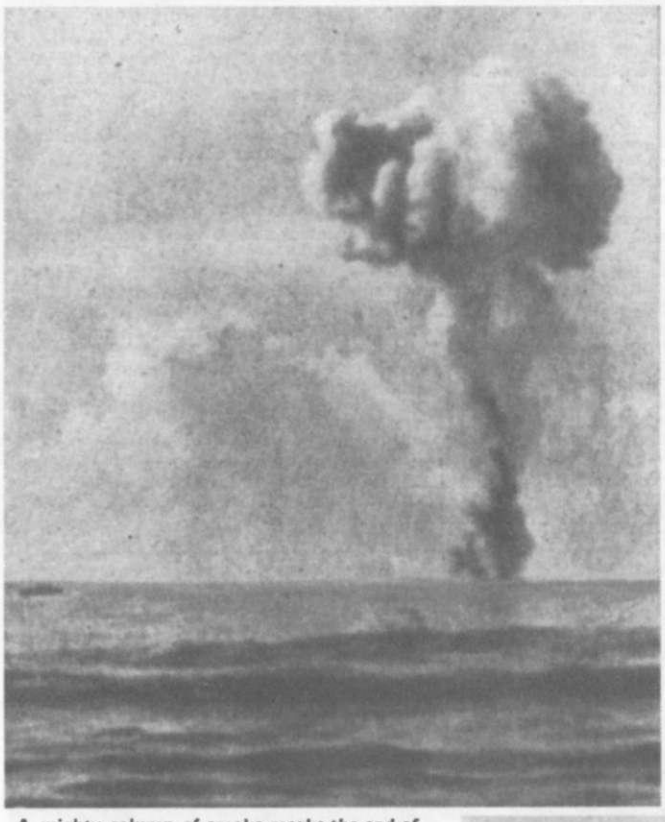
But passive resistance has taken most dangerous forms. Sabotage is an art which has been perfected by the Czechs, who for so many generations were accustomed to underground agitation. Not a day goes by but the Nazis have to deal with some fresh activity of the saboteurs. Railway lines have been damaged, points put out of action, signal lights changed, loaded goods trucks left "forgotten" in the marshalling yards for weeks. Many serious train crashes have been reported, involving the deaths of German soldiers and technicians. For days at a time traffic on important railway lines has had to be suspended. In the armament factories, too, there is a similar tale to be told. Vital machines have mysteriously broken down; the electricity has unaccountably failed; more than one power station has been damaged by bombs placed in the machinery.

The directing brains of the saboteurs are to be found in London. Five times a day "Volá Londyn!"—London Calling—is heard over the air as the Czech radio announcer at the B.B.C. calls to the Czechs. His message is eagerly listened to throughout the Protectorate. Even in the heart of Prague, under the very noses of the Gestapo, the word is passed round that Jan Masaryk is to be on the air and may be heard at so-and-so's café or house.

Phases in the Far-flung Battle of the Seas



A BLENHEIM making a mast-high attack on a German tanker. Losses of Axis ships during the three months ending September 30 were about one and a half times what they were in the previous three months.

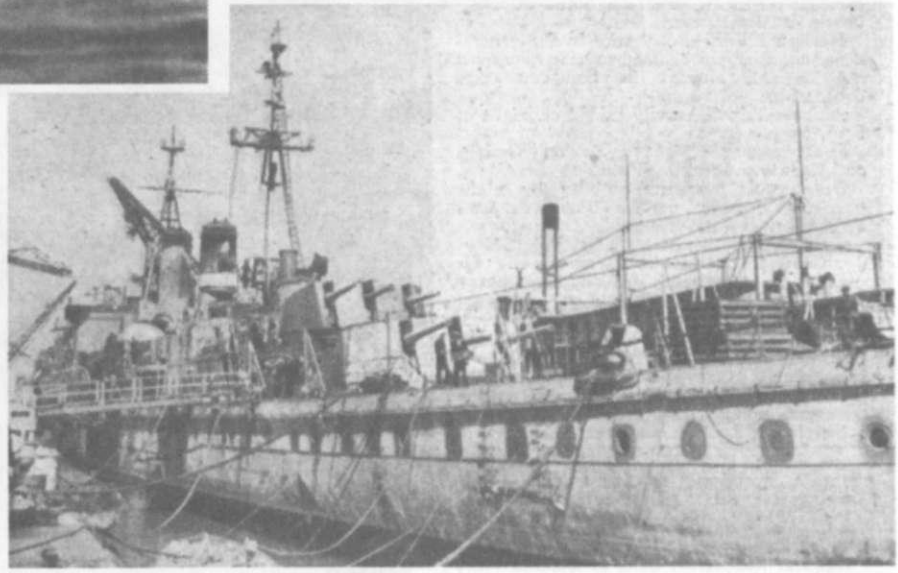


A mighty column of smoke marks the end of an Italian destroyer after coming into conflict with British warships in the Mediterranean.

An urgent cot case, otherwise a patient needing an operation, is transferred from a destroyer, where there is little hospital space, to a British cruiser. So as not to waste valuable patrol time the trans-shipment is made under way.

THE war of attrition by sea, which had reached so critical a point a few months ago, is now definitely moving in Britain's favour. Our incomparable Navy carries out its multifarious duties with heroic efficiency. Behind its shield Britain has survived and will survive, and Germany will again learn that without sea-power there can be no world-power. The aeroplane and the submarine upon which she counted so much are not enough, and, in any case, two can play that game.

The monotonous story of British sea losses in the Battle of the Atlantic is now relieved by a steep fall in such casualties, and a great rise in the tonnage of Axis ships destroyed by us. The facts as given by Mr. Churchill in his war review on September 30 are, to say the least, reassuring. He told us that "Losses by enemy action of British, Allied and neutral ships during the quarter July, August, September, have been only one-third of those losses during the quarter April, May and June. During the same period our slaughter of enemy ships, German and Italian, has been increasing by leaps and bounds. In fact, it is about one and a half times what it was in the previous three months."



H.M.S. LIVERPOOL, the 9,400-ton British cruiser which was damaged in a bombing attack off the island of Crete, undergoing repairs at the United States navy yard at Mare Island, California.

Photos, British Official; Associated Press, Keystone

Our Diary of the War

FRIDAY, SEPT. 26, 1941 *755th day*

Air.—Minesweepers and A.A. ships attacked off Dunkirk by Fighter Command. Enemy patrol ship sunk off Cherbourg. Cologne and W. Germany, as well as docks at Calais and Dunkirk, bombed by night.

Russian Front.—Soviet troops recaptured four fortified villages. German parachute troops landed in Crimea.

Mediterranean.—Palermo harbour and railway and warehouses at Agrigento, Sicily, bombed on night of Sept. 26-27.

Iraq.—General Wavell and General Auchinleck met in Bagdad for two-day conference.

Syria.—Formal proclamation of Syrian independence at Damascus.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 27 *756th day*

Air.—Twenty-one German planes destroyed in R.A.F. sweep over Northern France. Railway at Amiens and La Bassée bombed.

Russian Front.—Bitter fighting in Crimea. New German offensive against Leningrad repulsed with heavy losses.

Africa.—Bardia and neighbourhood bombed by R.A.F. Motor transport bombed near Mersa Lukk.

Mediterranean.—R.A.F. attacks on enemy aircraft and aerodromes at Elmas, Sardinia, and at Marsala and Borizzo in Sicily. Electrical plant bombed at Porto Empedocle, Sicily. Important British convoy attacked by Italian torpedo bombers. H.M.S. Nelson hit by torpedo, but not badly damaged. Convoy went through safely with the loss of only one merchantman.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 28 *757th day*

Air.—R.A.F. sweep over Occupied France. Supply train and petrol wagons set on fire. Night attack on objectives at Genoa, Turin, Milan, and elsewhere in N. Italy. Frankfurt and St. Nazaire docks also bombed.

Russian Front.—Russian local successes in central sector. Lord Beaverbrook and Mr. Harriman arrived in Moscow and were received by M. Stalin.

Africa.—G.H.Q. East Africa announced surrender of Italian garrison of Wolchefit, Abyssinia.

Mediterranean.—British light forces shelled Italian E-boat nest on the island of Pantellaria.

Home.—A few single enemy aircraft dropped bombs at scattered points.

General.—Baron Von Neurath resigned office as Protector of Bohemia and Moravia and was at once succeeded by Heydrich, Himmler's deputy.

MONDAY, SEPT. 29 *758th day*

Air.—R.A.F. fighters attacked enemy patrol boats off Belgian coast and convoys of lorries in N. France. Night attacks on Stettin, Hamburg, and the docks at Cherbourg and Le Havre.

Russian Front.—No change in the general situation. Russians claimed to have destroyed 263 German aircraft in the two days Sept. 26-27.

Africa.—Tripoli heavily raided on night of Sept. 29-30.

Mediterranean.—Night raids on Gerbini and Comiso, in Sicily.

Home.—Slight enemy activity by night over east and south coasts. Bombs dropped on a town in N.E. Scotland.

General.—Thousands of arrests by Heydrich in Czechoslavakia. Many shot by execution squads. An Official Conference was held at Singapore.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 30 *759th day*

Air.—Offensive operation by R.A.F. over N. France. Coastal Command attacked German convoy off Norway. Armed enemy merchant vessels bombed off Cherbourg. Night attacks on Stettin, Hamburg and Cherbourg.

Russian Front.—Russians claimed 15 villages recaptured in one day in sorties from Odessa. German drive against Kharkov developed. Russians admitted loss of Poltava.

Home.—Fairly sharp night attack on North-East coastal district. One enemy aircraft destroyed. Air Ministry announced 600 enemy planes destroyed by A.A. fire over Gt. Britain since war began.

General.—256 Czechs arrested in the Heydrich terror. 844 people arrested in Bulgarian port of Varna.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 1 *760th day*

Air.—New type Hurricanes attacked eight E-boats off French coast. Night attacks on targets in South-West Germany.

Russian Front.—Leningrad army reported to have made successful counter-attack towards Tosno, south-east of the city. Three-Power Conference at Moscow ended.

Africa.—Naval aircraft made night attack on Bardia.

Home.—A few night raiders over S.E., East coast and Midlands.

General.—Jean Oderkerke, secretary of Belgian Rexist organization, killed by bomb explosion.

THURSDAY, OCT. 2 *761st day*

Air.—Offensive sweep over N. France. 7 enemy fighters destroyed. Night attack on the docks at Brest and docks and shipping at St. Nazaire.

Russian Front.—Russian successes claimed in the Leningrad area. Violent fighting around Poltava. Crimea drive held.

Africa.—Creation of an Eastern and Western Army in the Middle East announced from Cairo. Night bombing raid on Bardia.

Home.—Night raids over various parts of England and Scotland. Three enemy aircraft destroyed.

General.—120 Czechs reported executed in four days by Heydrich. Michele Pascolata appointed Food and Supply Dictator in Italy.

FRIDAY, OCT. 3 *762nd day*

Air.—Escorted enemy supply ship set on fire off Gravelines. One flak ship sunk and three others damaged. Blenheims attacked Ostend docks. At night Coastal Command attacked docks at Aalborg, Denmark. Night attacks also on docks at Dunkirk, Rotterdam, Antwerp and Brest.

Russian Front.—Soviet claimed new successes in Leningrad sector. Successful counter-attacks by Voroshilov around Lake Ilmen.

Africa.—Several important raids made from Tobruk. Enemy forced to evacuate strong points. Night air attack on Bardia harbour.

Mediterranean.—Daylight raid on power station and munition factory at Marina di Catanzaro, S. Italy.

Home.—Night raid on an East Anglian coast town. One enemy aircraft destroyed.

General.—Australian premier, Mr. A. W. Fadden, resigned. Hitler, speaking in Berlin, announced a "gigantic operation" on the Russian front.

SATURDAY, OCT. 4 *763rd day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced that a German supply ship had been sunk in the Atlantic by one of H.M. ships.

Africa.—Heavy night attack by R.A.F. bombers on the harbour at Benghazi.

Russian Front.—Strong Russian counter-attack north of Sea of Azov. German attack over River Litsa, west of Murmansk, driven back with heavy losses.

General.—Dr. Otakar Klapka, former Mayor of Prague, executed by the Germans together with six other Czechs.

SUNDAY, OCT. 5 *764th day*

Russian Front.—Soviet claimed 20-mile advance in Ukraine and 30 villages recaptured in three days.

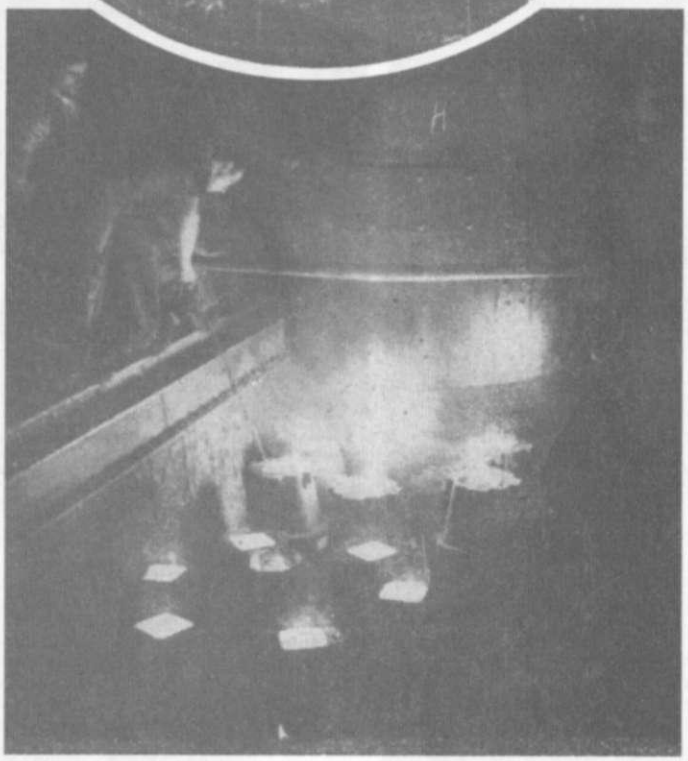
Africa.—Heavy bombers of R.A.F. made night attack on Tripoli Harbour. Benghazi also heavily bombed.

Mediterranean.—Three enemy air raids on Malta. R.A.F. raided Catania, Sicily Aircraft of Fleet Air Arm attacked escorted enemy convoy coming from Ionian Sea. Two large merchant ships were left sinking and another was damaged.

General.—A large convoy with reinforcements reached Singapore from Australia. Conference began between British and U.S.A. commanders-in-chief in the Far East at Manila, Philippines.

BRITISH AND U.S. DELEGATES to the Three-Power talks in Moscow arriving in Russia. Left to right: A. Y. Vyshinsky, Deputy People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs; Admiral Kuznetsov, Chief of U.S.S.R. Navy; Sir Stafford Cripps; Lord Beaverbrook; Mr. Steinhardt, U.S. Ambassador; Mr. Averell Harriman; F. Molochkov, Soviet Chief of the Protocol, and K. A. Umansky, Soviet Ambassador to the U.S.A. *Photo, Planet News*

British Tanks for the Battle of Russia



The photographs on the right of this page were taken in the Ministry of Supply tank factories while British workers responded to the appeal for a massive output of tanks for Russia. Production reached a record high level, and evidence of the British workers determination to do everything possible to help our Russian allies is seen in this line of completed tanks already on the railway. *Photos, Fox*

SEPTEMBER 22, 1941, saw the beginning of "Tanks for Russia" week, during which all tanks made in Britain were earmarked for Russia, delivery of the first being taken by M. Maisky, the Soviet Ambassador (see page 184). The urgent need of help for Russia was stressed by many speakers during the week, for, as Mr. Chuter Ede, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education, said: "Stalin will value one tank far higher than he will a theatre full of cheers." The Prime Minister, too, made an allusion to our help for Russia in his speech in the Commons on September 30. "In order to enable Russia to remain indefinitely in the field as a first-class war-making Power," he said, "sacrifices of the most serious kind and the most extreme efforts will have to be made by the British people . . . We have just had a symbolic Tank Week for Russia, and it has, I feel—I know—given an added sense of the immediate importance of their work to the toiling masses of men and women in our factories. But the output of Tank Week is only a very small part of the supplies which Britain and the United States must send to Russia and must send month after month upon a growing scale and for an indefinite period. The veriest simpleton can see how great is our interest, to put it no higher than interest, in sustaining Russia by every possible means."

What the Soldier Eats and How He Gets It

In earlier articles (see Vol. 4, p. 594 ; Vol. 5, p. 62) something has been said of the work of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps and of the Royal Army Service Corps. Here, S. G. Blaxland Stubbs presents some little known details of that part of the Quartermaster-General's huge organization which plans, gathers, cooks and serves the soldier's food to him wherever he may be and on whatever service he may be acting.

THE Quartermaster-General's Department of the British War Office is, despite the achievements of big businesses and combines in Europe and America, probably the largest and most highly organized business the world has seen. Based upon the dual principles of de-centralization and self-sufficiency to the smallest units, it has nothing of the cold detachment of big business, but welds the whole Army into a happy, if very well disciplined family. Under the Quartermaster-General is the Director of Supplies and Transport, and working for the latter are the heads of his six chief Departments, which are :

S.T.1. Water Transport (W.D. Fleet) for coast-wise sea traffic and harbour work. Their vessels also tow the practice targets for our coast defences.

S.T.2. The provision and distribution of the Army's needs in petrol, lubricating oil and all other petroleum products.

S.T.3. The provision of all R.A.S.C. transport, its organization, operation and maintenance. From the railway docks or depots they carry to the whole Army everything it needs, and their ambulances return the sick and wounded.

S.T.4. The Army's catering experts. They arrange the training of messing officers and of cooks on a scale never before attempted in this country.

S.T.5. The employment of all civilian staff for R.A.S.C. services.

S.T.6. The branch that feeds the Army in every quarter of the globe, and provides, as well, its forage, its coal and electricity. They decide "how much is enough" and from what source it shall be provided. It is the one branch in the War Office which must never fail or even be too late. Not to be 12 months ahead of current events may well be too late when the planting of crops (to put into cans) has to be linked with where the Army will be and what it will be doing in a year's time.

From them comes everything that the Army consumes—except the ammunition, accoutrements and weapons it fights with—and, except for sea and rail transport, they also provide all the means of carrying everything, including ammunition and other stores, to the fighting troops.

Hunger Defeats Armies

Here, however, we will leave on one side the details of these six meticulously planned branches of the Quartermaster-General's work and responsibilities. One example, however, may be quoted. There are few people, for instance, who know that the War Department possesses a fleet of its own. Some of these W.D. vessels distinguished themselves at Dunkirk and suffered losses. Let us rather consider the work which is of direct importance to men and women in civil life as well as to serving soldiers.

Without carefully planned and distributed food supplies soldier and civilian alike must fail. Hunger will destroy the morale of them both : it defeats armies, it breaks down the Home Front. It is a common mistake to imagine that the Army picks the best food and leaves the civil population to manage on the rest. Nothing is farther from the truth, in this war at least. Knowledge of the methods of the modern Army in the present war shows that the Q.M.G. and the Ministry of Food work in the closest and most amiable of relations. There is at the War Office a section of the Q.M.G. Department (S.T.6) which is run by officers of high rank and immense experience. There the results of many years of serious scientific research, combined with even longer experience in the field and in the barrack, are applied to the question of what the soldier shall eat wherever he be.

The broad policy of Army catering is governed by four main considerations—and the order of them is to be noted—what the soldier likes, what the Army can afford, what the shipping policy is at the time, and what the Ministry of Food officials agree must be set aside for civilian rations.

Soldiers on the Tobruk front filling water-bottles and petrol-tins from a captured Italian water-carrier. It is amusing to see with what professional touch somebody in our R.A.S.C. has painted in the word Wop under the Italian Acqua Potabile, which means drinking water.
Photo, International Graphic News

The soldier's ration is not a fixed fact, something that is put on a plate in front of him which he has to eat, day after day, and inevitably waste. In the last great war the monotony of stew (bully beef and mutton) killed many an appetite and filled many a swill-tub. Now the rations are worked out as a result of elaborate dietetic consultations, and they are designed to meet many different needs. In 1941 there are no fewer than 89 different rationing scales, varying from those for the troops in Iceland and Libya, to men on Home Service, and to the extraordinary variety of races serving in the Armed Forces of the Crown. Even vegetarians and men of special faiths are catered for, and for those with special jobs there are special rations. Parachutists and invasion troops are obvious examples: they have two days' complete supplies in mess tins, including biscuits of delectable quality and even a packet of cigarettes.

The food experts include doctors, distinguished scientists of the Department of Medical Research, and always representatives of the Ministry of Food, who have their say in every form of food that goes into the Army diet sheets. The diet is, in fact, varied from week to week to help the civilian situation in regard to the question of supplies of any particular form of food or shortages of special classes of food. While it is clearly recognized that the Army needs butter (actually margarine) as well as guns, it is also ensured that the civilian's interests are fully taken into account.

Scientific Communal Feeding

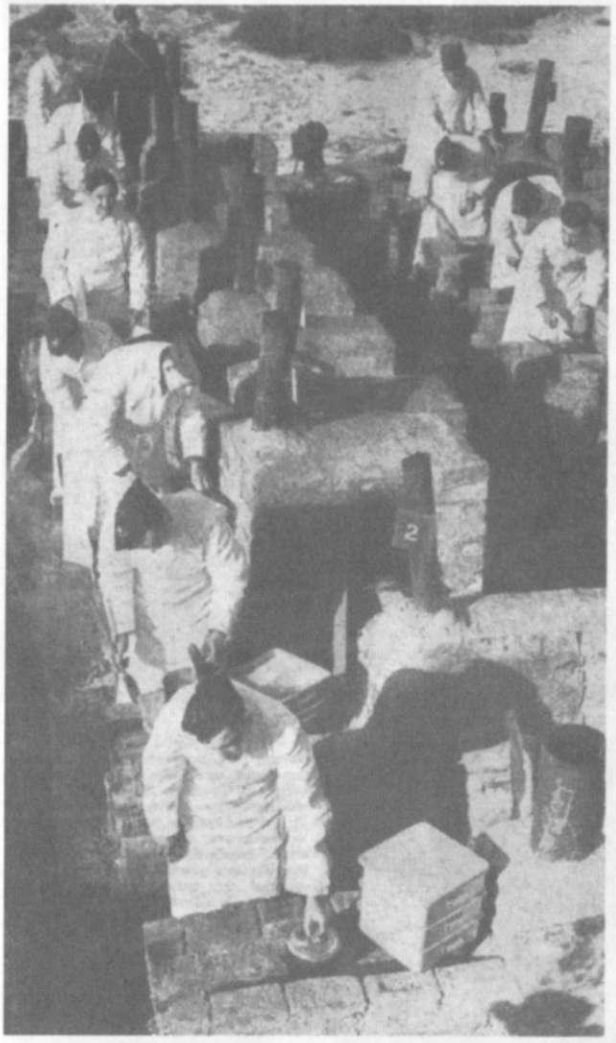
Much is heard from time to time of the so-called scandal of Army waste, and those who remember only too well how, in the last war, the dirtiest and most inefficient soldier was sent forward as company cook, may wrongly assume that similar conditions apply now. In fact, the catering side of the modern British Army is so organized that, with the exception of a few cases where the human factor of inefficiency spoils the organization, it can be said that the soldier's food is properly planned, properly cooked and well served. It is a form of scientific communal feeding, and it takes advantage of the many forms of modern progress. Canning has made it possible for the Army not only to have big reserves of food but many more varieties.

The catering advisers are a body of men chosen solely for their experience in management, and every Command has well-known hotel managers on its advisory staff. They are always thinking ahead and thinking in quantities, which was their specialized job in civil life. It is a very common fallacy that because women are good cooks they should therefore be called in to run the Army cooking. The average woman, of course, is a cook on a very small scale. Her "unit" is her family. The Army, on the other hand, needs mass production of well served meals, in some units of 2,000 or 3,000 meals a day. Hence the disappearance from civil life of many famous hoteliers who understand the niceties of this difficult form of mass production. In this part of his work the Q.M.G. is responsible for over 100 Army cookery training schools, and since the beginning of the war some 45,000 cooks have been trained and passed out. Even battalion commanders now have to go on a two-day catering course.

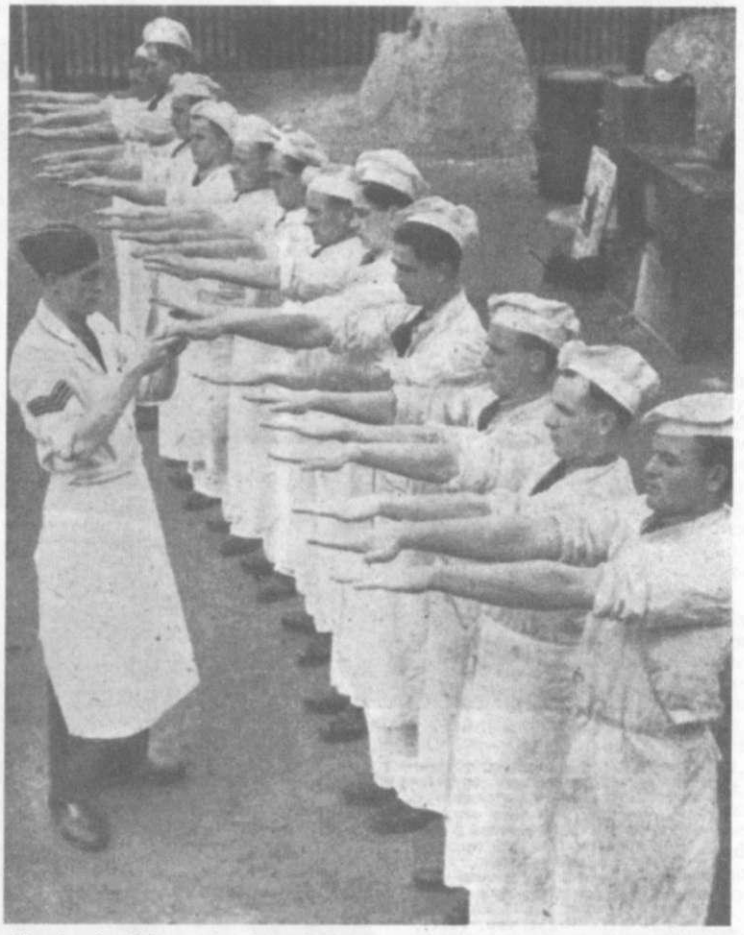
Recently the establishment of the Army Catering Corps was announced, but this is nothing new : it represents the organization built up in many years of peace, but which only now has achieved its own official title and its badge.

And lest any should think that with all this care the soldier is spoiled or likely to get less hardy, let it be pointed out that not only does he endure greater strain than we knew in 1914-1918, but that more is demanded of him both in training and in the field ; and let us remember that he is worthy of all he gets and more. His gross pay is but 2s. 6d. per day ; in fact the greater part of his emoluments are in kind, and even these have of necessity been cut severely since the war began.

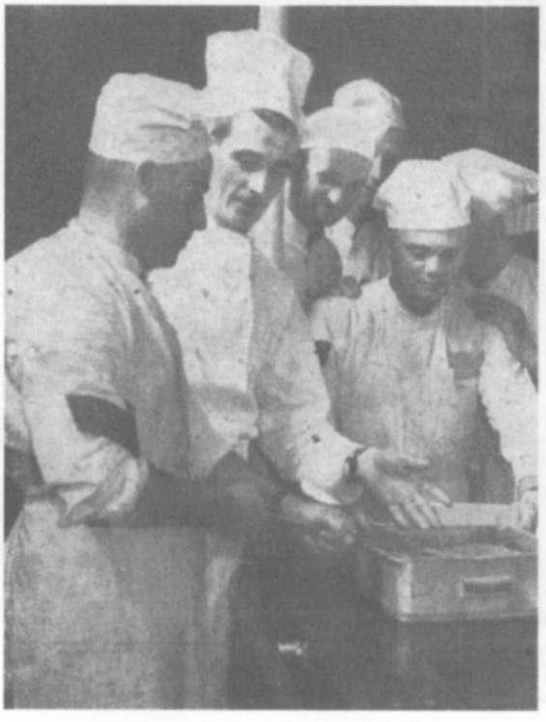
They're Real Chefs in the Army of Today



ARMY FOOD is no longer the crude bill of fare of Kipling's day. Cooks have to go through a complicated training, and here are some pupils at a military cookery school with their field kitchens.



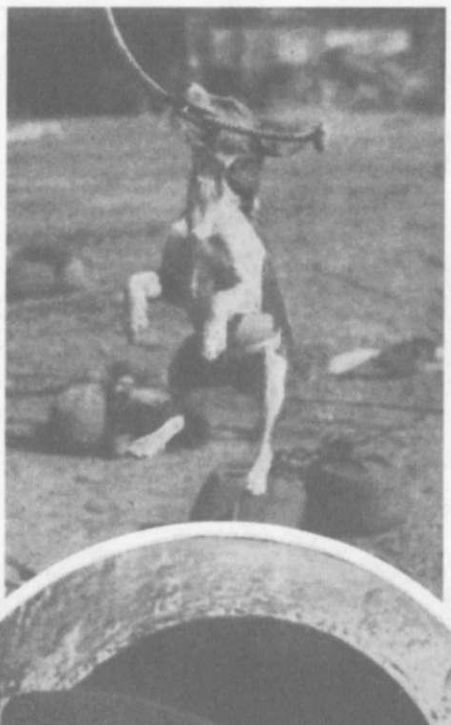
Hand and nail inspection is preliminary to cooking efforts. Trainees of the R.A.F. School of Cookery are taught all about diet, and how to use the most modern apparatus. Six civilian chefs from leading hotels in the West End of London are on the staff to give the best advice.



A square meal and a tasty one, judging by the contented expressions of those "dining out." On the left an ex-hotel chef is giving instructions to some of the members of an Army School of Cookery.

Photos, Fox, L.N.A., "News Chronicle"

Mascot Pets Relieve the Monotony of War



Wilfred, the duck, about to try another method of flight, as he is handed into a plane en route for new quarters. In the centre, above, is Aircraftswoman Judy "jumping to it," to help to haul in a barrage balloon rope. Judy strayed into the camp and was adopted, or, as she would prefer to say, "joined up" like any good A.C.W. Right, top, Percy, the tortoise, is not as fast as a Spitfire, but he is "sporting" his wings, since he became a member of a Middle East R.A.F. Maintenance Unit. "Any Nazis about?" asks Venus (circle), the pet of a captain on a British destroyer.

Photos, British Official; Wide World

Along the bottom row, from left to right, we have Charles James (Fox, of course). He is not going to earth in these days; his life is on the ocean waves—with the minelayers, whose mascot he is. Mrs. Hedgehog and her young family are proud to display their graces to some of the South African soldiers in the Western Desert. Here is a jolly photograph of an interlude in the dreary round of desert duty. Finally, Private Whisky, pet spider monkey of a South African Medical Corps, is not averse to a "splash." He and his keeper are about to take a dip in the Mediterranean.

Photos, British Official; Fox

I Was There! .... Eye Witness Stories of the War

What We Saw on the Smolensk Battlefield

Among the correspondents—Russian and foreign—visiting the Smolensk sector after Marshal Timoshenko's successful counter-attacks was the famous Russian novelist, Mikhail Sholokhov, whose vivid description of the scene is printed below from the "Soviet War News."

ARMED with pencils, notebooks and light machine-guns, we go by car to the front, speeding past innumerable lorries carrying Red Army men, ammunition, provisions to the front-line positions. All the cars are cleverly camouflaged with branches of birch and fir; looking down on the road from a hill one gets the impression of forests moving in a weird procession from east to west.

The booming of artillery guns from the west grows steadily louder. We are warned to expect an air attack at any moment, and take turns standing on the running-board watching the sky, but no German planes appear.

The landscape in the Smolensk region is strange to me, a native of the almost woodless Don steppes. Pine forests rise in green walls on either side of the road, giving out a cool, pungent, tarry scent. In the forest thickets there is a semi-darkness even by day, and to me there is something ominous and sinister about the gloomy silence. Now and again a bush of berries makes a splash of scarlet on the sunlit meadow of young birch trees, and then once more the forest closes in on both sides. Presently there is a sudden vision of undulating fields of rye or oats trampled by troops, and somewhere on the slope of a hill there are the black patches of villages razed by the Germans.

We switch off into a country lane. Germans were here only a few days back. Now they have been driven out, but traces of recent furious fighting are left all round: in mutilated, yawning caverns left by shells, mines and bombs. We come across the bodies of men and horses more frequently. Not far from the road lies the swollen body of a bay mare, and beside the mother a tiny colt lies dead, lifeless bushy tail outspread—so tragically unnecessary, this little dead colt on the big battlefield.

German trenches on a hill slope are ploughed up by our shells. Around the parapets of splintered roofs lie empty cartridges, empty tin cans, helmets, shapeless shreds of grey-green German uniforms, fragments of smashed weapons and torn telephone wires twisted into fantastic shapes. A direct hit from a shell destroyed the machine-gun, together with its crew. Through the doorway of a shed a mutilated anti-tank gun is visible.

A village for which furious battles were fought for several days stands on the other side of the hill. Before withdrawing the Germans razed it to the ground. Down below Red Army sappers are building a bridge over a small stream. Their sunburned backs, moist with sweat, gleam in the sunshine as do the fresh boards of the bridge covering. We drive slowly over a row of logs on to the unfinished bridge. The mud on the roadside is churned up by tank and tractor treads.

We drive into what recently was the village. There I see charred remains of houses on either side of the road. Smoke-blackened stovepipes alone remain, jutting out of the debris; heaps of bricks where once were dwellings, fragments of broken dishes, a child's bed with the spring mattress warped by flames. Against a grim background of desolation stands a single sunflower. Its petals are slightly singed by flames, its stalk powdered with brickdust—but it is alive! It lives on stubbornly amid a scene of death and devastation; and it seems as if this sunflower, swaying gently in the breeze, is the only living thing in this graveyard.

But it is not so. Leaving the car we walk silently through the streets, and suddenly we see a yellow cat sitting on a black, smoke-begrimed wall. She is busy washing herself. She behaves as if she had never witnessed the horrors that deprived her of home and human friends. Observing us, she stops dead for a second and then vanishes in a flash among the ruins.

Two hens would not let us approach within forty yards of them. They were tranquilly hunting for food, pecking at a trampled vegetable patch, but the moment they saw men dressed in khaki they scuttled off without a sound. "They must have mistaken our uniforms for German," remarked one of my companions who had fought in recent battles here. "Well, we can't blame those hens for being careful," he added. "They've certainly been under fire."

It is touching to see how animals and birds grow attached to homes. In the same village I saw a flock of doves fluttering sadly over the ruins of a church demolished by German shells. They had evidently lived in the belfry and, although their home had gone, they could not fly away from the place where they had once lived in peace and comfort. In a lane a small dog crawled up to meet us, wagging his tail apologetically. He might not have possessed what is called "canine dignity," but he had the courage required to return alone through the forest to the ruins of his home. In much the same way

NEAR YELNYA, around which the armies of Marshal Timoshenko have been counter-attacking with such success, lies the village of Klimyatino, or rather what is left of it, for it is now no more than a heap of stones bearing mute witness to the thoroughness of the Soviet "scorched earth" policy. But Soviet peasants have a strong attachment for their native villages, and to this one, as to many others in the region, they have already returned. Here a peasant woman is seen cooking a frugal meal for her family on the site where her home once stood. *Photo, Planet News*

women collective-farmers have a strong attachment for their own village. The men had gone to the front. The women and children took shelter in neighbouring villages when the Germans came. Now they have returned to the razed village and wander forlornly amid the ruins, rummaging in brick piles in search of some memento from their former homes. At night they take to the forests, where Red Army reserve units feed them from field kitchens. But in the daytime they go back to their villages like birds fluttering round their devastated nests.

I asked one woman where she intended living now. "Drive those accursed Germans farther away from here," she replied, "and don't bother about us. We'll manage somehow. The village Soviet will help us. We'll get along all right." The haggard faces grey with soot and ashes, the inflamed eyes of children and women, remained imprinted on my memory for a long time.

We drove on past fields with unharvested grain, a plot of faded flax with little blue flowers still growing, a Red Army sentry standing by the roadside, and a warning notice on a pole sticking up out of the flax field: "Mined field." The retreating Germans had mined roads and ditches and had abandoned their cars, their own trenches and the corpses of their soldiers. Our sappers were busy de-mining territory; we saw their bent, searching figures everywhere.

The cacophony of artillery firing rises to crescendo, and now we can distinguish the thunder of the Soviet heavy batteries—music to our ears. Before long we arrive at the positions of one of our reserve units. These men, almost fresh from the firing lines, now listen to an accordion playing *sotto voce* beside a dug-out. Some 20 Red Army men are standing in a circle, laughing gaily at a young, stocky fellow in the centre. Lazily he dances, patches of salt-dried sweat gleaming on the back of his green shirt. Slapping his kneeboots with huge palms, he challenges a comrade, a tall, gawky fellow: "Come on, now, shake a leg, don't be bashful! You're from Ryazan and I'm from Orlov. Come on, let's see who can hoof it better!"

Soon the brief twilight darkens the forest and silence descends on the camp.

There Were 82 of Us in an Open Boat—44 Died

A 23-day voyage of 1,500 miles in an open boat, which is probably without precedent in naval history, was described in the following broadcast by an officer of the R.N.V.R., one of the survivors of the Anchor liner Britannia, sunk by an enemy raider in the tropics.

I WAS travelling as a passenger on a British liner when she was attacked by an enemy armed cruiser one morning about eight o'clock. She was shelled for a little over one hour and received several direct hits and near misses. We were ordered to take to the boats at nine-twenty. My own lifeboat was successfully lowered and got away before the raider sank the ship; and after picking up persons from several rafts, there were sixty-four Indians and eighteen Europeans, a total of eighty-two persons, in a lifeboat designed to hold fifty-eight. A considerable amount of water was leaking into the boat and we had to bale frantically throughout the first day and night.

Next morning we discussed our position. We decided to try to make for the African coast and hoisted the mainsail, but found it quite impossible to go in an easterly direction as the boat would not sail into the wind, so we had no alternative but to try for the coast of Brazil, which we estimated to be 1,200 miles away. We then found that much of the water was coming in through holes made by shell splinters. We managed to plug these with bits of blanket and to nail pieces of tin over them. This made a great difference, and although we had to bale throughout the voyage, it was not such hard and continuous work as before.

We found that we had about sixteen gallons of water, forty-eight tins of condensed milk, and two tins of biscuits. As we estimated it would take twenty-four days to reach Brazil we worked out that we could only have a third of a dipper of water each per day (that is, a little less than an eggcupful), two tins of milk divided and one biscuit each. One tin of milk was used at sunrise by dipping a spoon made from boxwood into the milk and then cleaning it on the palm of each man in turn.

The biscuit was issued at sundown followed by the water ration. After about ten days we had several storms and were able to catch some rainwater, which permitted an increase in the water ration to about a full eggcupful, and later still it was possible to double the water ration as more water was caught and the number in the boat decreased. After the second day most of us found we were unable to swallow our daily biscuit and had only milk and water, until later in the voyage we soaked biscuits in rainwater which was too brackish to drink and so made them moist.

The heat during the day was terrible, and we suffered greatly from thirst. Some of the men sucked buttons which made them feel less thirsty. It is strange that we at no time felt really hungry. Quite a number of the Indians drank salt water during the first few days, and, despite my warnings, continued to do so, but it was not until after about ten days that it affected them and they eventually died.

During the first week we saw four ships and made frantic efforts to attract their attention by burning flares, but with no success. During our twenty-three days afloat we saw altogether seven ships.

We were soon all covered with salt water sores and boils and later many abscesses, and those were greatly aggravated by the crowded conditions and the constant rolling of the boat, which threw us against each other. It was also impossible to sit, lie, or even stand in comfort, owing to overcrowding, and we used to take it in turn to lie down for an hour at a time on a thwart cleared for the purpose. After about ten days the hardship and privation began to tell and each day three or four persons died.

We had no charts and our only aid to navigation was a compass, but we usually steered by sun or stars. At noon each day the three officers who had a knowledge of navigation conferred and estimated our latitude and longitude, and also average speed and distance run. Our navigation was not a great deal out, for we sighted land when we expected to and were only two degrees of latitude and three of longitude out after travelling 1,535 miles in 23 days.

Our first intimation that we were near land was the "earthy" land smell which came with the slight breeze at dawn on the Tuesday three weeks after the sinking, and when it got light enough, we were able to see that the sea was a shore green instead of deep sea blue. We were very excited, especially when we saw pieces of driftwood, which made us think we were off the mouth of a large river. At eleven-forty we sighted long, low sandhills, and by three o'clock were close to a flat beach, but as there was such a heavy surf a landing was out of the question, for the waters were shark-infested, we were very weak, and the boat would never have got through.

We saw a lighthouse and kept this in sight all night, but at daylight next morning there was no sight of land, so we altered course to S.S.W. and eventually sighted land again at noon, and by four o'clock we were close in to the shore in a small bay. We grounded in about two feet of water some 250 yards out, and I gave the order for everyone to get ashore as best he could.

With the help of another officer I threw overboard everything from the lifeboat that would float and which might be useful for building a camp, and then, carrying the ship's bag containing the papers and valuables of the men who had died, the two revolvers, the last of the first-aid gear, the few remaining matches, the ship's lamp, a can of oil, and the only remaining baling tin, we set off ourselves to wade ashore. It took a very long time, for we could only shuffle along a few yards at a time and then stop to rest. The other men got ashore in small groups, some helping each other by holding hands or arms round waists and others crawling on their hands and knees.

BRITANNIA SURVIVORS photographed after landing at São Luiz, Brazil. The story of their adventures and their sufferings after their ship, the Anchor liner Britannia, had been sunk by an enemy armed cruiser, is related in this page by one of the survivors; 44 men died from exposure and wounds during 23 days in an open boat. *Photo, Associated Press*

I WAS THERE!

It was nearly dusk when we all got ashore, and we walked up to the scrub-covered sandhills and built a fire and boiled some water from a pool for drinking and then scooped holes in the sand and lay down. Early the next morning we met some fishermen who fed us with native farinha—a meal made from mandioca roots and boiled fish. Never has food tasted so good. Later in the morning a horseman passed and we gave him a written message addressed to " anyone speaking English." This eventually reached the police and British vice-consul in São Luiz de Maranhão, a very old city in North Brazil, and they sent assistance. We eventually reached São Luiz at six-thirty a.m. on April 19 and went to hospital. Of the eighty-two persons who were originally in the lifeboat, thirteen Europeans and twenty-five natives survived.—" *The Listener* "

En Route to Turin We Nearly Hit the Alps

The R.A.F. made a heavy raid on North Italy on the night of September 10. Stirlings and Halifaxes led the attack, while (as told below) a squadron of Wellingtons bombed the Royal Arsenal at Turin.

We set off at dusk. We were flying over cloud for about 400 miles. The first thing we saw was Lake Geneva, well away to one side. We were then over French territory. The rising moon was shining on the lake and you could see it for miles. We'd come down through France with very little trouble, though we had the usual flak and searchlights crossing the French coast. It was a glorious night up above the clouds, and ideal for long-distance astro-navigation. We were using the star Vega chiefly ; for longitude and for latitude we used the Pole star. By these means we were fixing our position about every 30 minutes.

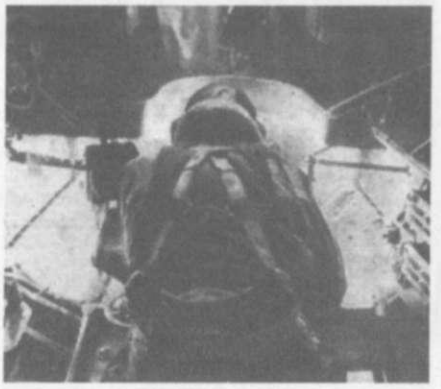
There'd been a following wind all the way down, which meant that we arrived at the foot of the Alps a bit earlier than we had expected, with the result that we didn't start climbing to get over them as soon as we should have done, and there we were at the foothills at only 9,000 feet. I must say it shook me a bit, because we'd intended crossing the Alps at about 13,000. We didn't want to waste time and petrol by circling and climbing, so we flew up the valleys between the peaks, slowly gaining height as we went. Way down in the valleys we could see lakes and villages, and the peaks were towering each side of us.

Nobody said anything at the time, but I think we were all wondering whether we'd get over, and what I was thinking all the time was, " Is that peak higher than we are or am I just imagining it ? " The rear gunner, I remember, called up on the intercom., and said, " I hope you chaps see the next one before I do." The peaks seemed so close on either side and it seemed to take so long to get past them—all the same, one couldn't help appreciating what a magnificent sight it was with the moon shining on the snow-capped peaks. But I must say I was pretty glad to stick the nose down when we got on the other side of the Alps in order to come down to bomb.

The other bombers had obviously got there before us, for as we nipped over the foothills, we could see the glow of the fires that were already burning. There were fires everywhere, some small and some large. After we'd dropped down to 2,000 feet we saw two very long factory sheds ablaze, and while we were there we saw one shed completely burnt out. The smoke from the fires was billowing up higher than our aircraft.

Our objective was the Royal Arsenal, and after we had gone round the town about ten times, we got a lovely pin point, and, using this as a datum point, we went in and bombed. We certainly knew our bombs had gone off because we felt the blast, and there was a most satisfying crump underneath the aircraft.

After that we climbed round Turin a bit to get some more height to face the Alps again. That took another quarter of an hour, so that, having arrived on the target at 20 minutes past eleven, we didn't really get away from Turin till 12.45 a.m. After our rather hair-raising experience of the outward crossing of the Alps, we made the return one a bit higher, but some of the peaks on the port side still seemed to be slightly higher than we were. Eventually, after a nine and a half hours' flight, we returned safely to base.



STIRLING four-engined bomber, type of aircraft which attacked Turin in September. The top photograph shows the bomb-aimer in the nose of a Stirling machine.
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

TURIN, showing the Mole Antonelliana, the River Po and the Lombardy Alps in the background. An airman's account of an attack on Turin is described in this page.
Photo, E.N.A.

How We Escaped from Internment at Dakar

After being interned at Dakar for fourteen months, a handful of Allied merchant marine officers outwitted the Vichy authorities and sailed out in a new steamer, as told here by the captain.

Telling his story on arriving at Cape Town, the captain said :

The ship had made only two voyages when she was trapped at Dakar at the time of the French collapse.

The crew escaped by rowing a hundred miles to a British colony in the ship's lifeboats at night. My officers were equally anxious to escape, but were determined to take the ship with them.

The French naval authorities had taken away the high-pressure lines from the engine, but for eight long months the engineer in secret modelled dummy pipes with the few tools available.

When they were ready we told the French we must have our pressure lines back in order to turn the engines, which would otherwise have been permanently wrecked.

The French agreed, but sent guards to watch us. We tested the engines, then invited the guards to have drinks and dinner on board. It did not take very long to substitute the dummy pipes for the real thing, and the French took the dummy pipes ashore without discovering the trick.

I conspired with the masters of four other ships to form a makeshift crew together with the ship's engineer, officers and two stewards.

The French had put a net across the entrance to the harbour. We planned to escape on a Saturday night, when the crews of the harbour defence usually relaxed. When the time came I retained just enough ballast to keep the ship on an even keel.

We were looking for a buoy marking a gap in the net when we saw the net almost dead ahead. It was too late to alter course. We steered straight for the net, shut off the engines, and the ship just scraped over the net without fouling the propellers.

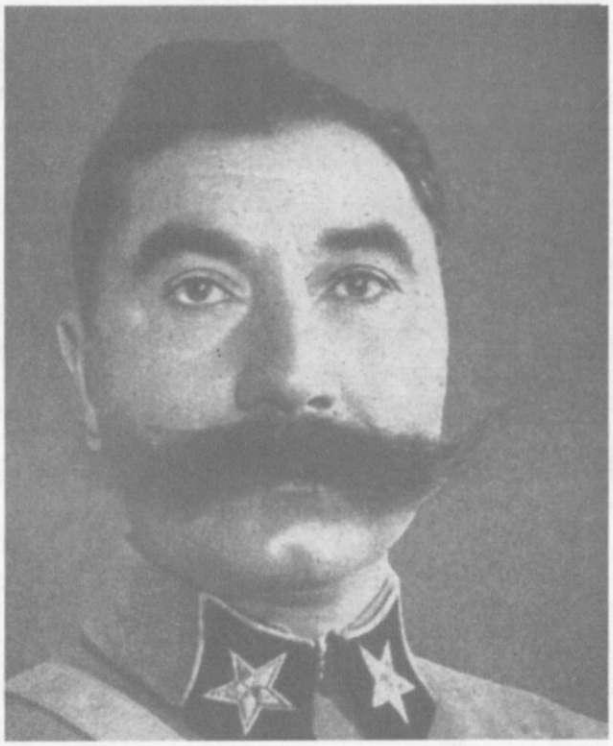
The French naturally expected us to make for Bathurst, Gambia, so we went in another direction.

Early on Sunday we sighted a French patrol ship astern. It opened fire on us with five shells which crashed around the stern. Our speed was reduced, but we put on all the power we had got until the ship vibrated so much that we could not stand upright. Gradually we dropped the French ship behind and next morning we met a British destroyer.—*British United Press*

Editor's Postscript

ONE of the pleasures of reading a good book is telling others about it. And one of the drawbacks of my editorial job is the need to examine any book about the War that bears promise of instructing me in the dominant interest of my life today; too often do I meet with disappointment. What a reviewer describes as my "searching mind" too frequently returns empty-handed from its quest. For I read widely with no view to writing about what I have read, but for my own information or entertainment, and such books as I occasionally mention here are those odd ones that have either stirred my admiration or raised my ire.

AMONG my most recent reading I place foremost in the former category "War in the Air" by David Garnett. In 1920 I edited a hefty pictorial tome so entitled, which could it be reprinted today would "sell like hot cakes"—though I wonder if hot cakes really do sell—as it contains an unrivalled collection of expert writing and photographic documents which the Air War today has suddenly made more excitingly interesting than at the time of its publication. I mention it because I think Mr. Garnett's little masterpiece—it is nothing short of that—would be much better titled "The War in the Air," as it deals specifically in the most competent and brilliant manner with every aspect of the aerial war, from the attack on Poland to Wavell's victories in Libya and Abyssinia, not with war in the air generally. Nor will anyone ever write a better account of one of the most historic periods of British achievement in aerial combat, no matter how much greater detail may some day be available. Although many of the facts were fully known to me I have found their restatement and amplifying by a writer of genius as fascinating as a new romance. Indeed, it is a lesson in literary artistry to observe the skill with which the whole confused and inchoate data of the Air bulletins and official reports are here shaped in a clear, swift-moving story that instructs while it fascinates.



MARSHAL S. M. BUDENNY, commanding the Red Armies in the Ukraine. One of the three most famous Russian leaders in the present war, he was a private during 1914-18, and rose with the Revolution. *Photo, Planet News*

UNFORTUNATELY, I have little space here to deal adequately with Mr. Garnett's masterly account, but I hope it may yet be possible to devote space to a further and better ordered review of "War in the Air" and to draw attention to some of the more remarkable and less-known facts to which the author has had access, the opportunity of verifying, and, from his own practical experience as a flying man, correctly to assess. For the present I can note only one or two expressions of his personal opinion, and a point or two away from the main theme of his book. Referring to the "phoney" period of the War he tells us that captured German pilots revealed they had strict orders to avoid any damage to the Forth Bridge! They came mighty near to damaging it when they tried to bomb the H.M.S. Edinburgh on October 16, 1939, as my readers will remember from the German aerial photos which I published and commented upon at the time. But, is it possible that Hitler at that early date had his invasion plans ready and wished to preserve the Forth Bridge for the southward movement of his mechanized forces from a point somewhere to the north? Not unthinkable!

BOTH Belgium and France at a later date helped him to their speedy conquest by obligingly leaving vital bridges undestroyed. And I agree with Mr. Garnett in thinking that if the civil population of France had been taught to destroy everything likely to be of use to the advancing Germans, France might never have been conquered. To which the only answer is that both the French army and the population behind it (*not* the Belgian army or people, mark you) had no higher impulse at that critical moment than *sauve qui peut*. They emulated the despised Italians of Caporetto—and there were many in high places in France at the time of Caporetto who had no better spirit than our Italian allies then, seeing nothing but immediate surrender. The British had to stiffen both French and Italians at that critical hour. It has been left to the Russians to show the world what ruthless self-sacrifice can do to impede a ruthless enemy. Many may agree with Mr. Garnett in saying that when the Germans paused after their "tremendous victory" over France instead of instantly proceeding with the invasion of Britain: "I believe that this delay in the invasion of Britain will be found to have cost Germany the War. Had the Germans flung every available soldier by every available means into Britain in June, they would perhaps have won." Well I think they didn't, just because they couldn't. *They* can seldom be accused of "letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would.'"

FOR the moment, with the return of bomber's moons it is comforting to recall that "on the night of May 10, 1941, that of full moon, all records were broken and thirty-two bombers were shot down by our night Fighters during a heavy raid on London." I'm writing this in London on just such a night at the hour of 3 a.m., and have no fear that my sleep, when I do turn in, will be disturbed by bombing; for the Hun now knows that our night Fighters, thanks to radiolocation and other devices that may not yet be mentioned, have got the measure of the bombers; and though we may have to endure some more of the Nazi efforts at our destruction, the night is not far distant when our Fighters will have as thoroughly achieved ascendancy as they did on September 15, 1940, when Goering's bombers made their greatest daylight attack, losing 185 aircraft for the British loss of twenty-five Fighters, from which fourteen of our pilots were saved. Mr. Garnett's figures and the official ones which I give do not quite tally; various heavy attacks followed, admittedly in *diminuendo*, before the daylight bombers had vanished from our skies save only as "single spies."

HERE is the heading to an article I have just noticed in "The New York Times Magazine": "If we had joined the League—there might not have been a Hitler." I have not read the article, but the headline speaks volumes, and I for one think it speaks truth. Perhaps some day, twenty years from now, "Pravda" of Moscow may print an article "Did the Stalin-Hitler Pact Bring on the Second World War?" The tendency of the moment is wilfully to forget things that happened in the recent past. Confronted as we are with many new and unforeseen relationships there is no other course if we wish, as we certainly must, to take a realistic view of the present state of international relations; but the historian of a future day will find it difficult to ignore these two "ifs."

DEAR MR. NEWSAGENT,—Does this apply to you? I have today seen about fifty numbers of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED in which you have written, not only in pencil but in *ink*, the address of the subscriber, thus permanently disfiguring the number for the purposes of binding. Will you please stop this? Remember that your customer may wish to bind his numbers into volume form, and as the outer leaves are now paginated consecutively with the inner, being specially designed for binding, any disfigurement of these spoils the volume. Further, if you bind your customer's volumes locally you must warn your binders that since No. 91 the four outer pages of each issue are to be included in the volume. A subscriber has just reported to me that the local agent has delivered his volume with these pages omitted—and this despite my oft-repeated instructions to the contrary!

JOHN CARPENTER HOUSE.
WHITEFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.4.

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